

MAUS



A SURVIVOR'S TALE

art spiegelman



Maus is the story of Vladek Spiegelman, a Jewish survivor of Hitler's Europe, and of his son, a cartoonist who tries to come to terms with his father, his father's terrifying story, and History itself. Its form, the cartoon (the Nazis are cats, the Jews mice) succeeds perfectly in shocking us out of any lingering sense of familiarity with the events described, approaching, as it does, the unspeakable through the diminutive. It is, as the *New York Times Book Review* has commented, "a remarkable feat of documentary detail and novelistic vividness...an unfolding literary event."

Moving back and forth from Poland to Rego Park, New York, *Maus* tells two powerful stories: The first is Spiegelman's father's account of how he and his wife survived Hitler's Europe, a harrowing tale filled with countless brushes with death, improbable escapes, and the terror of confinement and betrayal. The second is the author's tortured relationship with his aging father as they try to lead a normal life of minor arguments and passing visits against a backdrop of history too large to pacify. At all levels, this is the ultimate survivor's tale—and that, too, of the children who somehow survive even the survivors.

Maus takes Spiegelman's parents to the gates of Auschwitz and him to the edge of despair (with a sequel to come). Put aside all your preconceptions. These cats and mice are not Tom and Jerry, but something quite different. This is a new kind of literature.

"In its effect on the reader, on a par with Kafka."

—David Levine

MAUS

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PENGUIN BOOKS

Barbara
Spiegelman

**"The Jews are undoubtedly a race,
but they are not human."**

Adolf Hitler



ARTIE! COME TO HOLD THIS A MINUTE WHILE I SAW.



WHY DO YOU CRY, ARTIE? HOLD BETTER ON THE WOOD.

I-I FELL, AND MY FRIENDS SKATED AWAY W-WITHOUT ME.



He stopped sawing.

FRIENDS?
YOUR FRIENDS?...



IF YOU LOCK THEM TOGETHER IN A ROOM WITH NO FOOD FOR A WEEK ...



...THEN YOU COULD SEE WHAT IT IS, FRIENDS!...



MY FATHER BLEEDS HISTORY

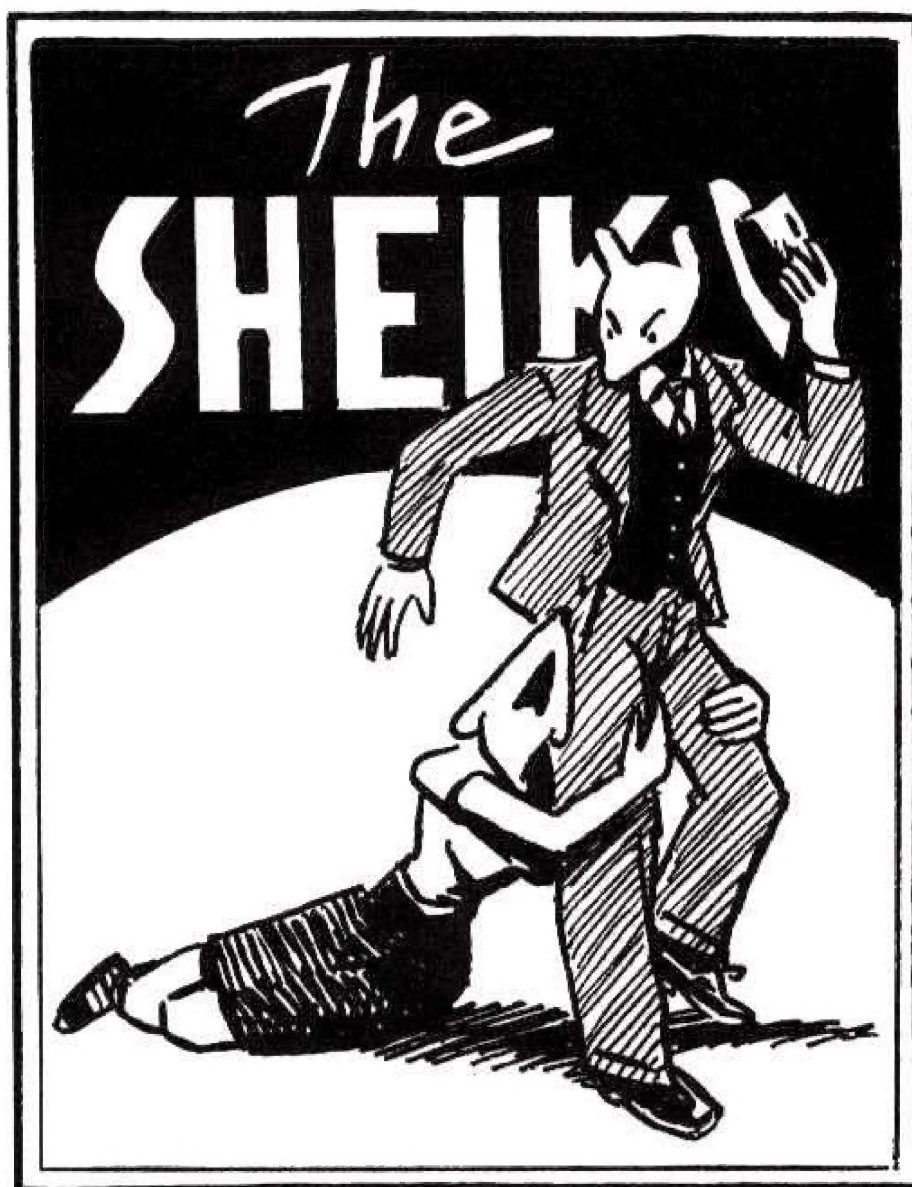
(M I D - 1 9 3 0 s T O W I N T E R 1 9 4 4)

C O N T E N T S

- 9 one/the sheik
- 25 two/the honeymoon
- 41 three/prisoner of war
- 71 four/the noose tightens
- 95 five/mouse holes
- 129 six/mouse trap



C H A P T E R O N E



I went out to see my Father in Rego Park. I hadn't seen him in a long time- we weren't that close.





I WAS IN TEXTILES-BUYING AND SELLING-I DIDNT MAKE MUCH, BUT ALWAYS I COULD MAKE A LIVING.

I WAS, AT THAT TIME, YOUNG, AND REALLY A NICE, HANDSOME BOY.



I HAD A LOT OF GIRLS WHAT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT WOULD RUN AFTER ME.



HELLO, VLADEK?
THIS IS YULEK...



A FRIEND OF MINE, LUCIA GREENBERG, WOULD LIKE TO BE INTRODUCED TO YOU.



THE
SHOCK

PEOPLE ALWAYS TOLD
ME I LOOKED JUST
LIKE RUDDOLPH VALENTINO.



EVENTUALLY, I TOOK LUCIA TO DANCE...

DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

YES.



I HAVE A SMALL APARTMENT.
MY PARENTS MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC

I'D LIKE
TO SEE IT
SOMETIME.

MAYBE
SOMETIME



WHEREVER I WENT - I LOOKED AROUND - AND LUCIA GREENBERG WOULD BE ALSO THERE ...

VLADEK! - WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

JUST TO THE MARKET.

ME TOO - LET'S WALK TOGETHER.

BUT, POP... MOM'S NAME WAS ANNA ZYLBERBERG! ...

ALL THIS WAS BEFORE I MET ANJA - JUST LISTEN, YES?

WHY DON'T YOU EVER INVITE ME TO YOUR HOME? ... ARE YOU ASHAMED OF IT?

SHE KEPT INSISTING ME TO SHOW HER MY APARTMENT...

- SO FINALLY, I INVITED HER ...

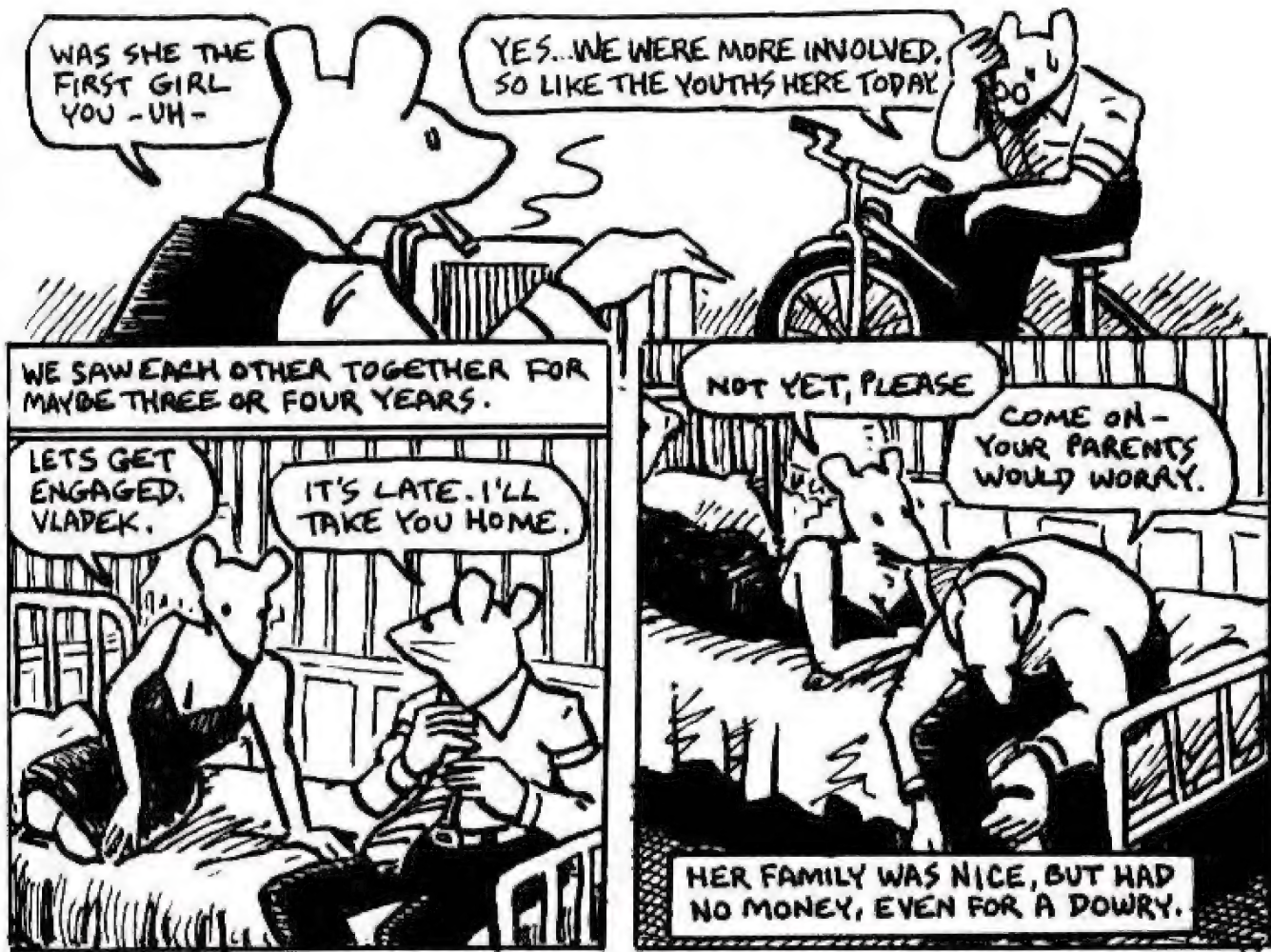
EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND CLEAN!

I LIKE TO KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.

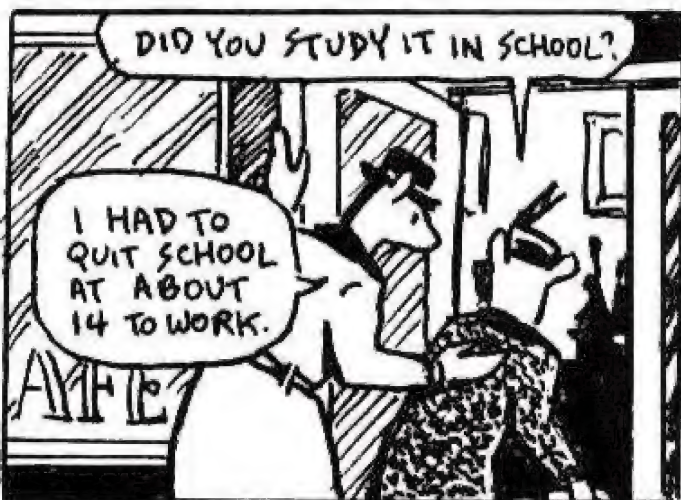
YOU MUST HAVE ANOTHER GIRL-FRIEND WHO CLEANS FOR YOU - NO?

NO.

... I DIDN'T WANT TO BE MORE CLOSER WITH HER, BUT SHE REALLY WOULDN'T LET ME GO.



THE NEXT MORNING WE ALL MET TOGETHER. MY COUSIN AND ANJA SPOKE SOMETIMES IN ENGLISH.



AND THEN SHE STARTED
WRITING TO ME SUCH
BEAUTIFUL LETTERS -
ALMOST NOBODY COULD
WRITE POLISH LIKE
SHE WROTE.

I VISITED A COUPLE TIMES TO HER.
SHE SENT ME A PHOTO!!!

I BOUGHT A VERY NICE FRAME...

IT PASSED
MAYBE A WEEK
UNTIL LUCIA
AGAIN CAME
AND SAW
THE PHOTO!!!

I'M GOING TO GET EN-
GAGED TO HER, LUCIA.

PSSH! AND LOOK
AT WHAT A
BEAUTY YOU
PICKED.

LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING,
LUCIA. IT ISN'T GOOD
FOR EITHER OF US THAT
YOU KEEP
COMING
UP HERE...

"WE HAVE TO PLAN FOR OUR
FUTURES, AND

FORGET HER!
LET ME MAKE
YOU HAPPY!

IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO GET FREE FROM LUCIA.



ANJA'S PARENTS WERE ANXIOUS SHE SHOULD BE MARRIED. SHE WAS 24; I WAS THEN 30.

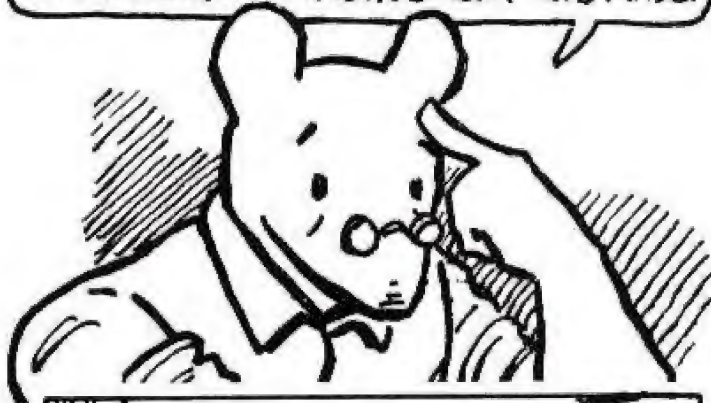
THE ZYLBERBERGS HAD A HOSIERY FACTORY—ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN POLAND... BUT WHEN I CAME IN TO THEIR HOUSE IT WAS SO LIKE A KING CAME...



TO SEE WHAT A HOUSEKEEPER SHE WAS, I PEEKED IN-TO ANJA'S CLOSET.



ACH! HERE I FORGOT TO TELL SOMETHING FROM BEFORE I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC BUT AFTER OUR ENGAGEMENT WAS MADE.



ONE EVENING THE BELL RANG ...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I'M ON MY WAY OUT.



I-I'LL COME WITH YOU.

NO, YOU CAN'T COME WI-

PLEASE, VLADEK!



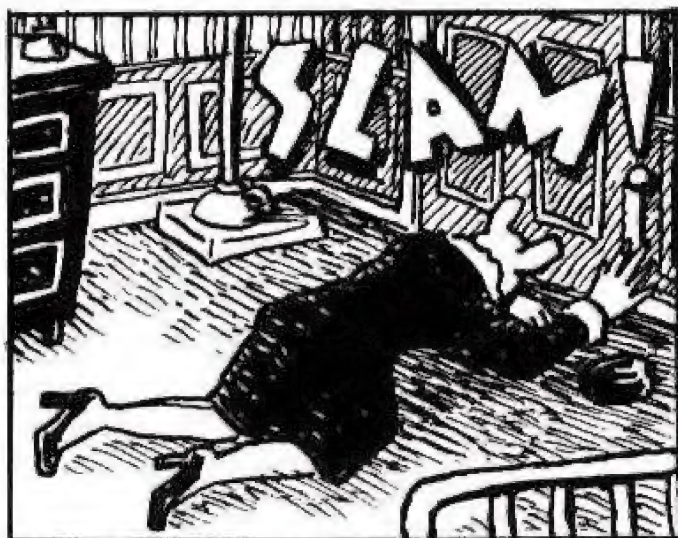
SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR AND HELD STRONG MY LEGS.



(DON'T RUN AWAY!)



I SAW NOW THAT I WENT TOO FAR WITH HER.



I RAN OUT TO MY FRIEND WHO INTRODUCED US. HE WENT TO CALM HER DOWN AND TOOK HER HOME.

I DIDN'T HEAR MORE
FROM LUCIA - BUT
ALSO I STOPPED HEAR-
ING FROM ANJA ...



NO TELEPHONE CALLS,
NO LETTERS, NOTHING!
WHAT HAPPENED?

HELLO, MRS. ZYLBERBERG.
COULD I SPEAK
TO ANJA?



SHE SAYS SHE WON'T
SPEAK TO YOU!

BUT
WHY?



SHE GOT A LETTER FROM SOME-
ONE IN CZESTOCHOWA. MY GOD!
IT SAYS THE WORST THINGS IN
THE WORLD ABOUT YOU!

WELL, I CAN'T CONVINCE HER
ON THE PHONE. I'LL COME
DOWN BY TRAIN ON FRIDAY
AFTER WORK.



IT WASN'T EVEN A
HOLIDAY, BUT I WENT
ANYWAY TO SOSNOWIEC.



SO, TELL ME, ANJA - WHAT HAVE
I DONE THAT'S SO HORRIBLE?

YOU SHOULD KNOW -
JUST READ
THIS!



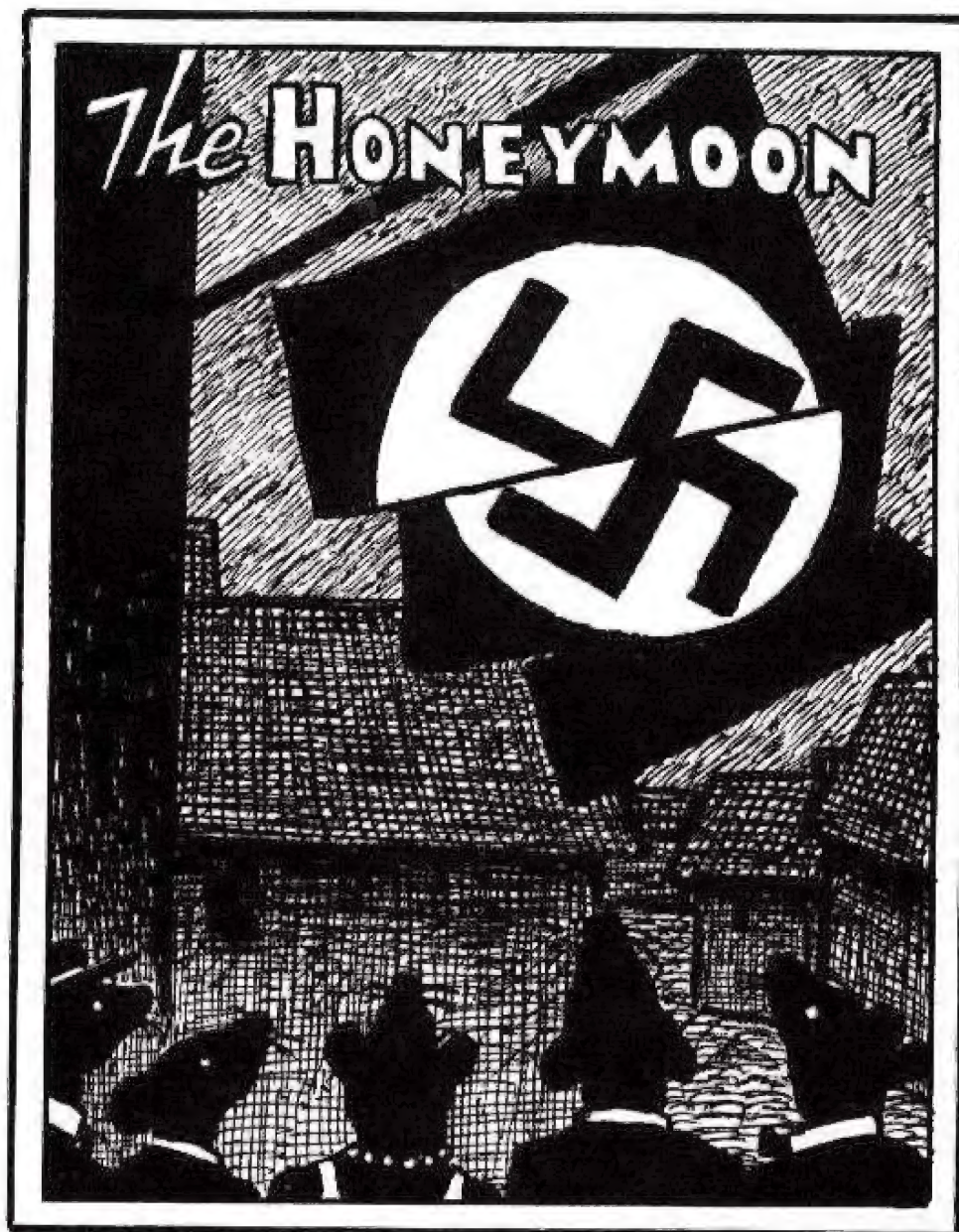


SO I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC AT THE END OF 1936; AND FEBRUARY 14, 1937, WE WERE MARRIED.

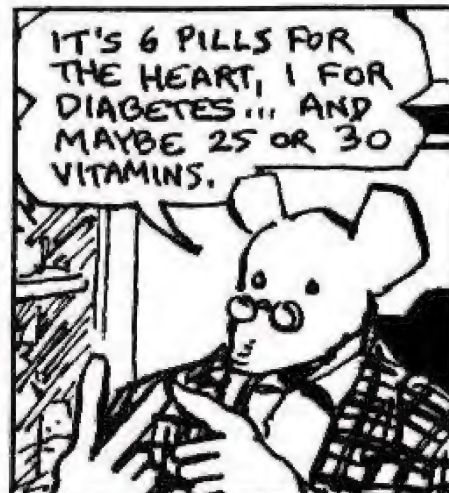
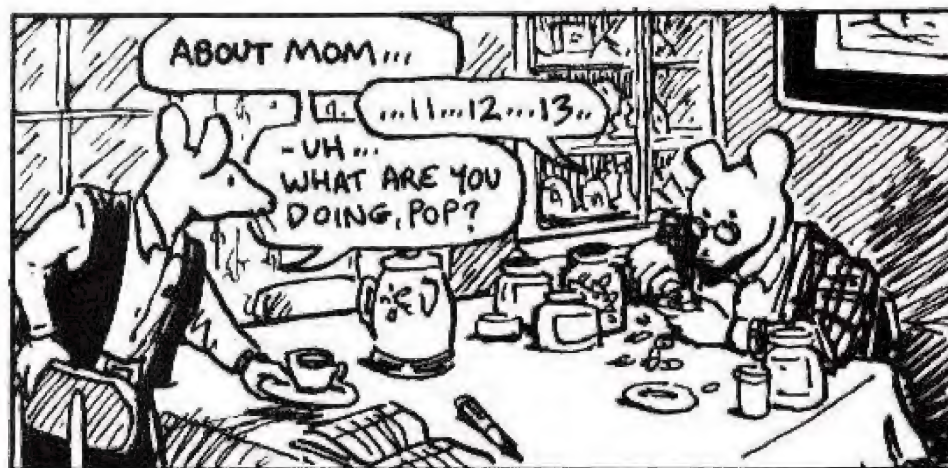




C H A P T E R T W O



For the next few months I went back to visit my father quite regularly, to hear his story.

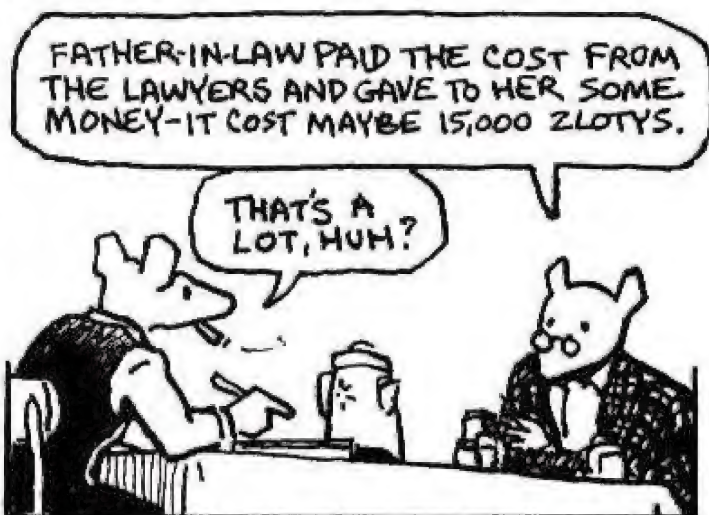




ANJA WAS INVOLVED IN CONSPIRACIONS!

A LITTLE BEFORE THE POLICE CAME, SHE GOT FROM FRIENDS A TELEPHONE CALL...



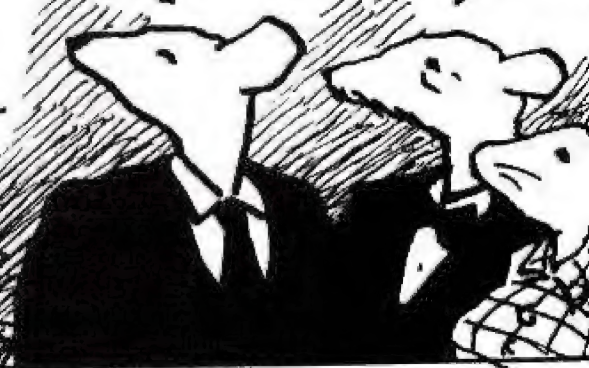


BY OCTOBER 1937, THE
FACTORY WAS GOING,
AND IT WAS BORN
MY FIRST SON, RICHIEU.



HE'S A BIG BABY-
OVER 3 KILOS.

MY GOD, ANJA
ONLY WEIGHS 39!



OF COURSE, YOU NEVER KNEW HIM.
HE DIDNT COME OUT
FROM THE WAR.



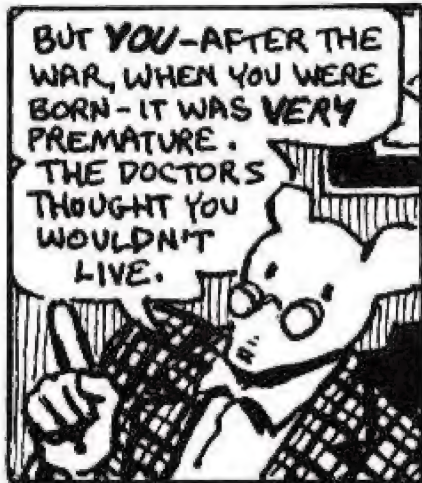
YES, I KNOW...

BUT WAIT- IF YOU WERE MARRIED IN
FEBRVARY, AND RICHIEU WAS BORN
IN OCTOBER, WAS HE PREMATURE?



YES, A LITTLE...

BUT YOU-AFTER THE
WAR, WHEN YOU WERE
BORN- IT WAS VERY
PREMATURE.
THE DOCTORS
THOUGHT YOU
WOULDN'T
LIVE.



I FOUND A SPECIALIST
WHAT SAVED YOU...
HE HAD TO BREAK YOUR
ARM TO TAKE YOU
OUT FROM
ANJA'S BELLY!



AND WHEN YOU WERE A
TINY BABY YOUR ARM
ALWAYS JUMPED UP, LIKE SO!



WE JOKED AND
CALLED YOU
"HEIL HITLER."

ALWAYS WE PUSHED
YOUR ARM DOWN, AND
YOU WOULD

OOPS!



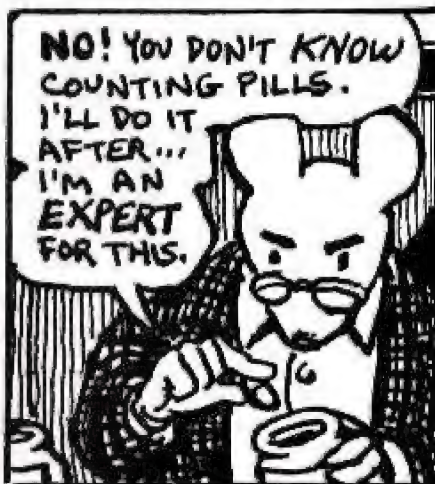
LOOK NOW WHAT YOU
MADE ME DO!

ME? OKAY,
I'LL RE-COUNT
THEM LATER.



NO! YOU DON'T KNOW
COUNTING PILLS.

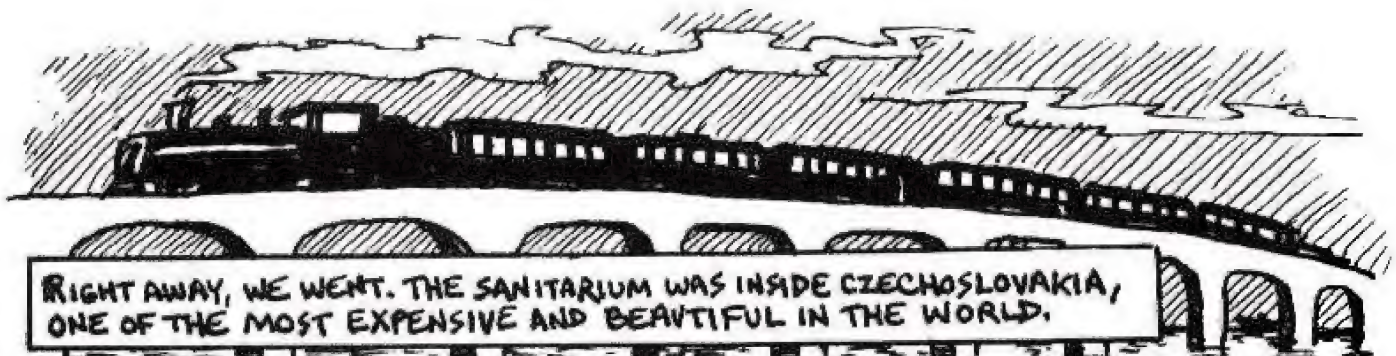
I'LL DO IT
AFTER...
I'M AN
EXPERT
FOR THIS.



SO... ANJA STAYED
WITH THE FAMILY
AND I WENT TO LIVE
IN BIELSKO FOR MY
FACTORY BUSINESS
AND TO FIND FOR
US AN APARTMENT...

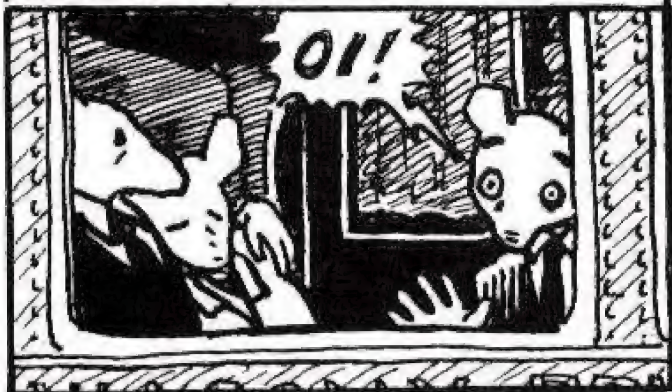
BUT SOON IT CAME FROM SOSNOWIEC A TELEPHONE ...



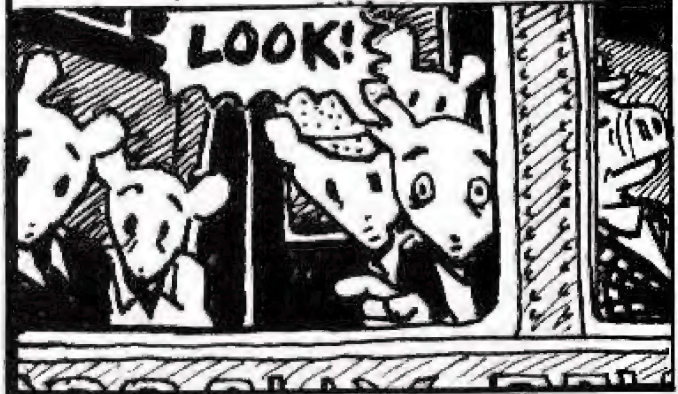


RIGHT AWAY, WE WENT. THE SANITARIUM WAS INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA, ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ALMOST ARRIVED, WE PASSED A SMALL TOWN.

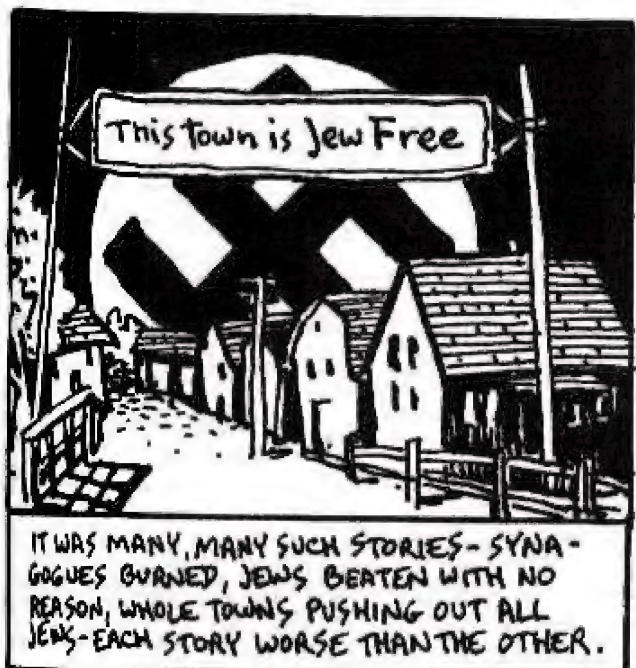


EVERYBODY-EVERY JEW FROM THE TRAIN - GOT VERY EXCITED AND FRIGHTENED.



IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF 1938 - BEFORE THE WAR - HANGING HIGH IN THE CENTER OF TOWN, IT WAS A NAZI FLAG..





THE SANITARIUM WAS FAR AWAY FROM EVERYTHING—SO PEACEFUL, SO QUIET.

LOOK AT HOW BEAUTIFUL THESE GARDENS ARE, ANJA.

UH HUH

PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD WITH DIFFERENT SICKNESSES. IT WAS EVEN SHOPS HERE... A THEATER... REALLY BEAUTIFUL...

OUR ROOM IS LIKE A LUXURY HOTEL—LOOK AT THIS VIEW.

UH HUH

EACH MORNING NURSES WOULD VISIT TO ANJA.

AND EACH FEW DAYS I TALKED TO THE BIG SPECIALIST AT THE CLINIC.

WELL, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY??

HE TOLD ME YOU'RE DOING FINE... FINE..

JUST RELAX.

I UNDERSTOOD MUCH OF SUCH SICKNESSES, SO I HELPED ALWAYS TO CALM HER DOWN.

LOOK—WE GOT A LETTER FROM HOME TODAY.

WITH A PHOTO OF RICHIEU—LET ME SEE.

HE'S A HANDSOME BOY... JUST LIKE HIS FATHER, YES?

YES.

IN THE EVENINGS
WE WENT EITHER TO
THE THEATER OR TO
DANCE IN THE CAFE.

DID I TELL YOU THE TRAGEDY ABOUT THE PILLOW
MY FAMILY LOST AT THE START OF THE 1914 WAR?

I WAS SEVEN... WE
LIVED TOO CLOSE
TO THE BORDER...
IT WASN'T SAFE...

I TOLD HER MANY JOKES AND STORIES TO
KEEP HER BUSY...

...SO WE TOOK WHAT
WE COULD ON A WAGON PULLED BY FOUR
HORSES AND WENT TO MY GRANDFATHER'S
HOME IN RADOMSKO.

SOMEONE RODE PAST US AND TOLD
US THAT WE'D DROPPED A PILLOW A
FEW MILES BACK.
A GUY TRAVELING TO
AMSTOW PICKED IT UP.

IMAGINE - MY FATHER NEVER
RODE A HORSE BEFORE... BUT
HE UNKITCHED ONE FROM THE
WAGON AND RODE TOWARD AMSTOW.

WE WAITED AND WAITED... MOTHER
STARTED CRYING: "SURELY HE FELL
AND GOT KILLED!" SHE HAD BEGGED
HIM TO "LET THE PILLOW GO AND
TAKE ALL OUR TROUBLES WITH IT!"

THE HORSE WAS BONY AND DIDN'T HAVE
A SADDLE... FINALLY, LATE THAT NIGHT,
FATHER RODE BACK WITH THE PILLOW
...UNDER HIS BLOODY TUCHUS...

SO, FATHER GOT HIS PILLOW BACK
...BUT HE COULDN'T SIT
DOWN FOR THE REST OF
THE WAR!

I LOVE
YOU, VLADEK.

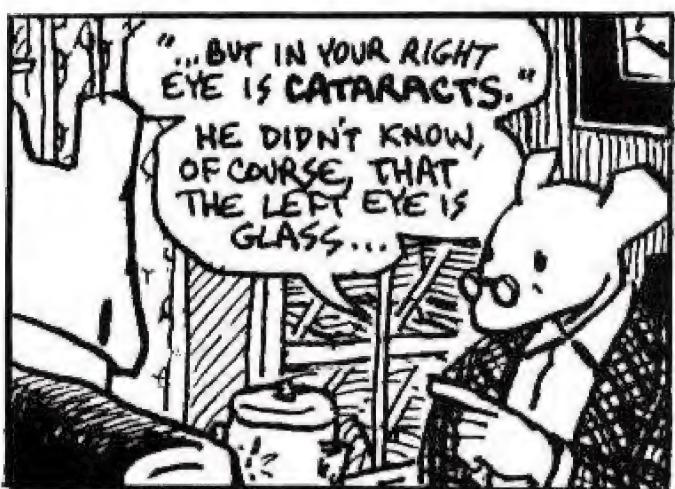
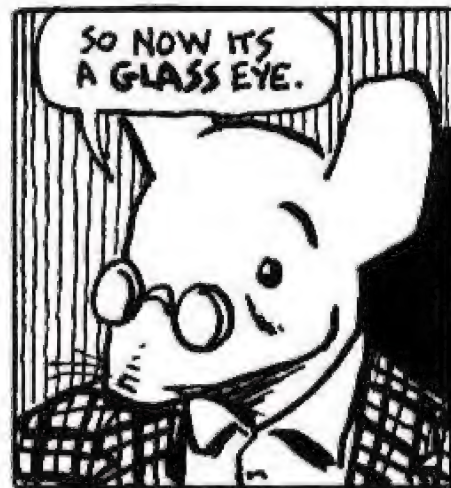
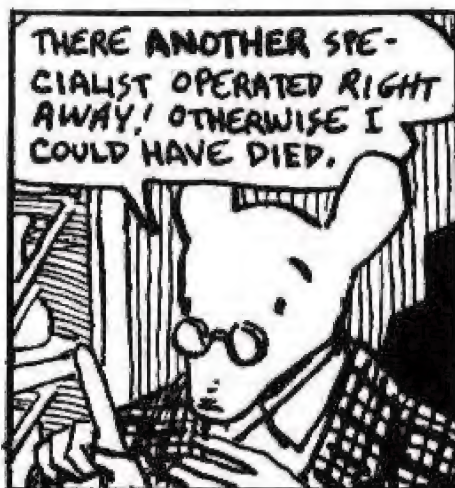
AND SHE WAS SO LAUGHING AND SO HAPPY,
SO HAPPY, THAT SHE APPROACHED EACH
TIME AND KISSED ME, SO HAPPY SHE WAS.











WELL, IT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, YES? I'M TIRED AND I MUST COUNT STILL MY PILLS.



C H A P T E R T H R E E





I visited my father more often in order to get more information about his past..





1939? YES...WE WERE GIVEN ARMY TRAININGS FOR A FEW DAYS AND THEN, BY THE START OF SEPTEMBER WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER.



IT WAS EVERYTHING
QUIET UNTIL NEAR
MORNING...



WAIT A MINUTE.
THEY ONLY TRAINED
YOU FOR A FEW
DAYS BEFORE
SENDING YOU INTO
COMBAT?



WELL, THE **FIRST** TIME I
WENT INTO THE ARMY FOR
18 MONTHS WHEN I WAS 21.
THEN EVERY 4 YEARS I WENT
TO LUBLIN
FOR A MONTH
TO TRAIN.



YOU KNOW, MY FATHER
TRIED TO KEEP ALL HIS
CHILDREN
OUT FROM
THE ARMY.



..BECAUSE WHEN HE WAS
YOUNG, HE HAD THEN TO
GO INTO THE RUSSIAN ARMY.
...AND THERE
THEY TOOK YOU
FOR 25 YEARS.
...TO SIBERIA!



MY FATHER PULLED OUT 14
OF HIS TEETH TO ESCAPE.
IF YOU MISSED 12 TEETH
THEY LEFT YOU GO.



SO WHEN MY BROTHER MARCUS
GOT 21 YEARS, FATHER PUT HIM
ON A STARVATION DIET.
ALWAYS MARCUS WAS SICKLY-SO THIN.

AND WHEN HE WENT
FOR THE ARMY EXAM-
INATION...THEY
DIDN'T TAKE HIM.

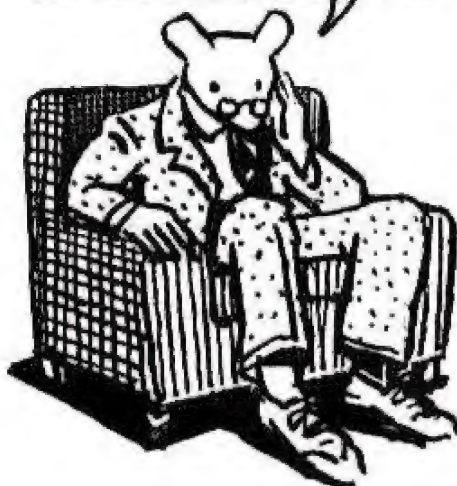


A YEAR LATER WHEN IT CAME
MY TURN, FATHER WANTED TO
MAKE TO ME THE SAME THING.

IT WAS SOMETHING
TERRIBLE!...



THREE MONTHS BEFORE
THE EXAMINATION HE
STARTED WITH ME...



WAKE UP,
VLADEK!

YOU'RE SLEEP-
ING TOO MUCH!

ONLY THREE
HOURS A NIGHT?



STOP, VLADEK. YOU
MUSTN'T EAT SO MUCH!

BUT I'M HUNGRY!

I OKAY-
HAVE ONE MORE HERRING.



FOR THREE MONTHS I ATE
ONLY SALTED HERRING AND
NO WATER TO LOSE WEIGHT.



AND A FEW DAYS BEFORE
THE EXAM, NO SLEEP
AND NO FOOD...

GOOD BOY - JUST
A LITTLE MORE
COFFEE!

ONLY A GALLON COFFEE
A DAY FOR MY HEART.



AND WHEN FINALLY I WENT FOR
MY MEDICAL EXAMINATION...

HERE'S A HEALTHY ONE.

UM!...



NO...THERE SEEMS TO BE
SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM.

BUILD YOURSELF UP FOR A YEAR,
YOUNG MAN, AND WE'LL REVIEW
YOUR CASE AGAIN.



...THE NEXT YEAR FATHER WANTED I WOULD AGAIN DO THE SAME THING. BUT I BEGGED HIM AND WENT IN 1922 TO THE ARMY...

...BUT LET'S GET BACK TO 1939!

YES. YOU SEE HOW YOU MIX ME UP?
...IN 1939 WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER,
DIGGED INTO TRENCHES BY A RIVER.

IT WAS QUIET UNTIL NEAR MORNING. THEN I HEARD SHOOTING ON BOTH SIDES.

AN OFFICER SNEAKED OVER TO ME.

DIG IN DEEPER.
YOU'LL GET KILLED.

YOUR GUN IS COLD!
WHY AREN'T YOU SHOOTING?

I DIDN'T SEE AT WHAT TO SHOOT...

...BUT I DIGGED DEEPER
AND STARTED TO SHOOT!

THEN BULLETS CAME
IN MY DIRECTION.



I DUG DEEPER MY TRENCH
BUT I STOPPED TO SHOOT.



BUT WHEN I LOOKED IN
MY GUN, I SAW... A TREE!...



AND THE TREE WAS ACTUALLY MOVING!

WELL, IF IT MOVED, I HAD TO SHOOT!



IT HELD UP A HAND TO SHOW
IT WAS HURT. TO SURRENDER.



BUT I KEPT SHOOTING AND SHOOTING. UNTIL FINALLY THE TREE STOPPED MOVING.
WHO KNOWS; OTHERWISE HE COULD HAVE SHOT ME!

AFTER TWO HOURS OF FIGHTING, THE NAZIS OVERCAME OUR SIDE OF THE RIVER.

GET UP!



GIVE ME YOUR GUN!



IT'S HOT! YOU WERE SHOOTING AT US!



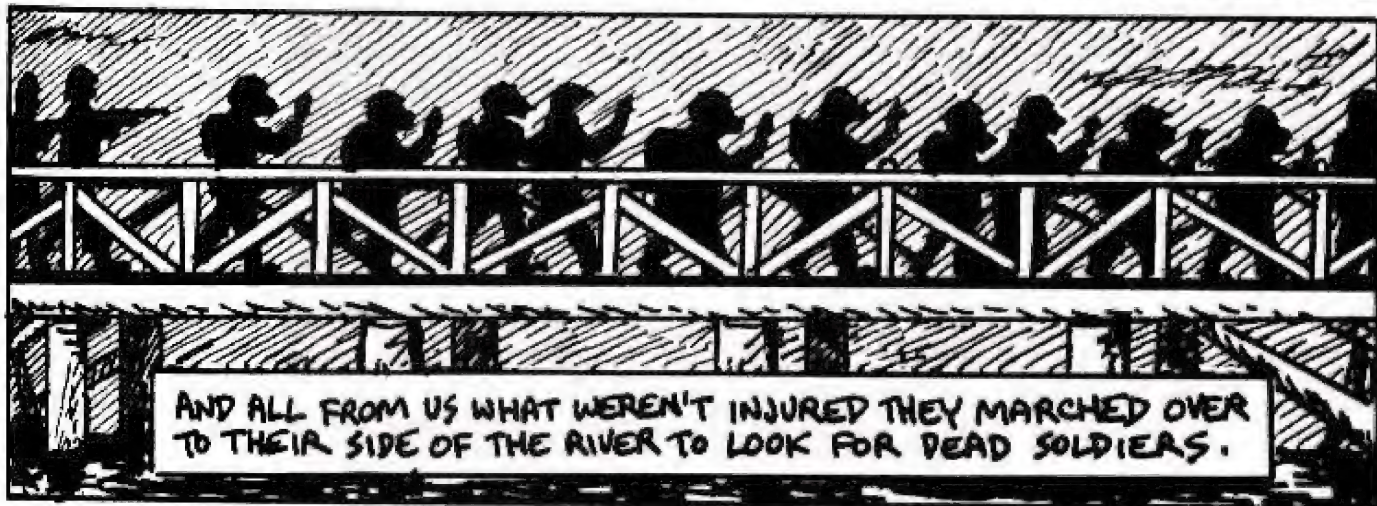
MY COMMANDER MADE ME SHOOT. I ONLY FIRED IN THE AIR!



I ANSWERED IN GERMAN AND HIS PARTNER STOPPED HIM FROM BEATING ME.



THEY MARCHED ME TO WHERE IT WAS MORE LIKE ME. WAR PRISONERS.



AND ALL FROM US WHAT WEREN'T INJURED THEY MARCHED OVER TO THEIR SIDE OF THE RIVER TO LOOK FOR DEAD SOLDIERS.



THEY TOOK US TO A PLACE NEAR NUREMBERG WHERE IT WAS MANY WAR PRISONERS. THE JEWS THEY MADE TO STAND SEPARATE.



WE SHOULD HANG YOU RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT!



OF COURSE, NOBODY OF US SAID A WORD.

PUT DOWN ALL YOUR VALUABLES!



HE CAME UP TO ME... I HAD MAYBE 300 ZLOTYS.

WHY SO MUCH MONEY, JEW?



DO YOU EXPECT TO DO SOME BUSINESS HERE? SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!



YOU NEVER WORKED A DAY IN YOUR LIFE!



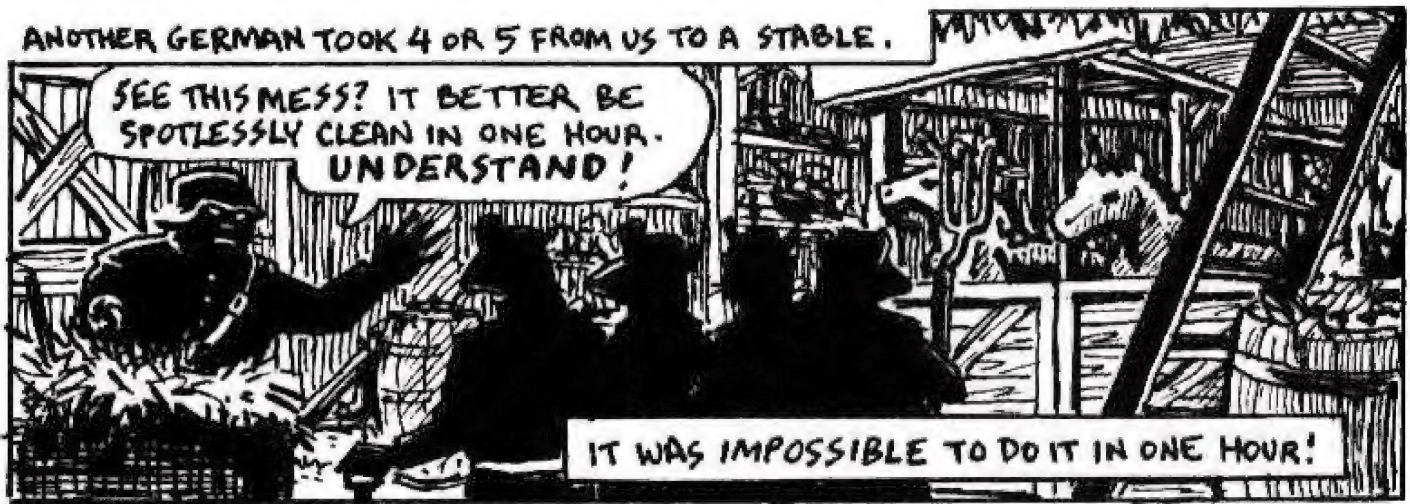
LIKE YOU, ARTIE, MY HANDS WERE ALWAYS VERY DELICATE.



WELL, JEW, DON'T WORRY. WE'LL FIND WORK FOR YOU!



ANOTHER GERMAN TOOK 4 OR 5 FROM US TO A STABLE.



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DO IT IN ONE HOUR!

WE REALLY WORKED VERY HARD.
BUT, AN HOUR LATER...



AND SOMEHOW WE DID MAKE THE
JOB IN ONLY AN HOUR AND A HALF.
BUT LOOK WHAT
YOU DO, ARTIE!



YOU'RE DROPPING ON THE CARPET
CIGARETTE ASHES. YOU WANT
IT SHOULD BE LIKE
A STABLE HERE?



CLEAN IT, YES? OTHERWISE
I HAVE TO DO IT. MALA
COULD LET IT SIT LIKE
THIS FOR A WEEK AND
NEVER TOUCH IT.



AND SHE KNOWS HOW WITH MY
SICKNESSES IT'S HARD NOW FOR
ME TO DO SUCH THINGS.



OKAY, OKAY.
IT'S CLEAN.



SO WE LIVED AND WORKED A FEW WEEKS IN THE STABLE UNTIL THEY TOOK US TO AN EVEN BIGGER PRISONER OF WAR CAMP.

BRRR. THE POLISH PRISONERS GET HEATED CABINS.

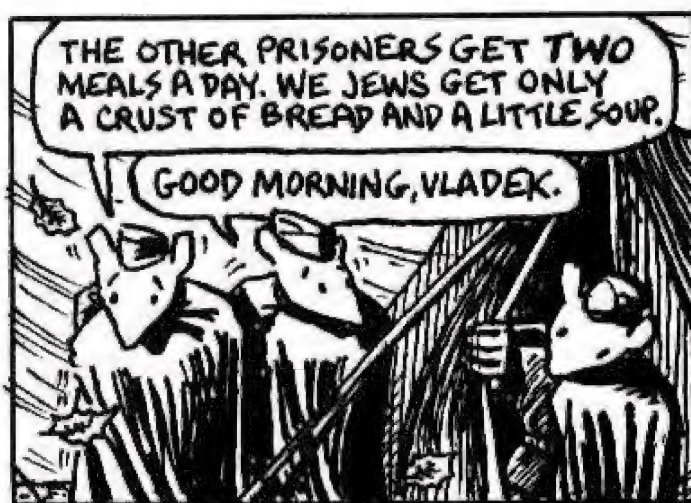
YES, AND WE'RE JUST LEFT TO FREEZE IN THESE TENTS.

IT WAS TERRIBLE COLD THAT AUTUMN. ALL OVER EUROPE IT WAS SO FREEZING THAT BIRDS FELL FROM TREES.

TO KEEP WARM WE HAD ONLY OUR SUMMER UNIFORMS AND A THIN BLANKET.



AT LEAST IF THEY GAVE US ENOUGH TO EAT.



THE OTHER PRISONERS GET TWO MEALS A DAY. WE JEWS GET ONLY A CRUST OF BREAD AND A LITTLE SOUP.

GOOD MORNING, VLADEK.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO BATHE IN THE RIVER.



YOU'VE GONE CRAZY.

ORRRE I'LL BE CLEAN! AND I'LL FEEL WARM ALL DAY BY COMPARISON.

MANY OTHERS GOT FROSTBITE WOUNDS. IN THE WOUNDS WAS PUS, AND IN THE PUS WAS LICE.

EVERY DAY I BATHED AND DID GYMNASTICS TO KEEP STRONG. ...AND EVERY DAY WE PRAYED.

OFTEN WE PLAYED CHESS TO KEEP OUR MINDS BUSY AND MAKE THE TIME GO.

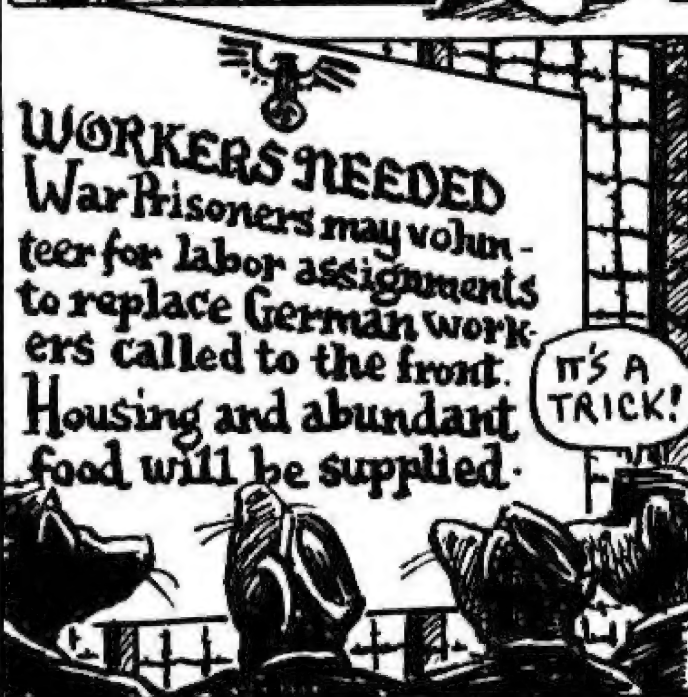
AND ONE TIME A WEEK WE COULD WRITE LETTERS THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS.



AND THROUGH THIS IT CAME A PACKAGE...

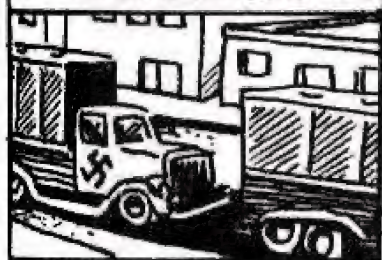


AND SO THINGS WENT FOR MAYBE SIX WEEKS, THEN...





WE WERE RIGHT AWAY SENT TO A BIG GERMAN COMPANY.



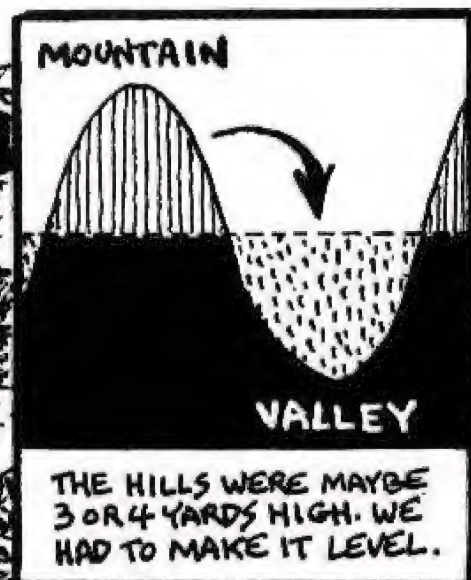
THE NEXT DAY WE WERE GIVEN SHOVELS AND PICKS ...



AND THE WORK WAS REALLY VERY HARD-
WE HAD TO MOVE MOUNTAINS.



MOUNTAIN



VALLEY

THE HILLS WERE MAYBE
3 OR 4 YARDS HIGH. WE
HAD TO MAKE IT LEVEL.

SOME COMPLAINED - THOSE WHAT WERE
TOO OLD OR WEAK FOR SUCH WORK:



I-I CAN'T TAKE
ANYMORE.



WORTHLESS
JEW!



IF YOU'RE UNHAPPY - GO BACK
TO THE P.O.W. CAMP.



IT'S OKAY - WE'LL HELP YOU
WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING.

WE TRIED TO HELP, BUT - WHAT YOU
THINK? - SOME WENT BACK TO THE
TENTS TO FREEZE AND TO STARVE.

BUT WHAT HAP-
PENED TO THEM,
I DON'T KNOW.

STILL, EIGHTY PER CENT STAYED. THERE WAS ENOUGH
TO EAT, AND A WARM BED. IT WAS BETTER TO STAY...



...ALWAYS I WENT TO SLEEP EXHAUSTED.
AND ONE NIGHT I HAD A DREAM...

A VOICE WAS TALKING TO ME. IT WAS,
I THINK, MY DEAD GRANDFATHER...



IT WAS SO REAL, THIS VOICE...



I WOKE UP RIGHT AWAY. AND WHEN
I WENT TO SLEEP, AGAIN IT WAS:
"PARSHAS TRUMA! PARSHAS TRUMA!"

SO WHAT'S
PARSHAS TRUMA?

EACH WEEK, ON SAT-
URDAY, WE READ A SEC-
TION FROM THE TORAH.

THIS IS SO CALLED - A PARSHA...
AND ONE WEEK EACH YEAR IT IS
PARSHAS TRUMA.

BEFORE WORK A FEW
FROM US PRAYED. IT WAS
A RABBI THERE WITH US.

ONE MOMENT, RABBI.
WHEN WILL WE
READ PARSHAS TRUMA?

PARSHAS TRUMA?...

...IN THE MIDDLE OF FEB-
RUARY - ALMOST THREE
MONTHS FROM NOW. WHY?

THREE MONTHS -
AND EVERY DAY WAS
FOR US A YEAR!

I TOLD HIM MY DREAM...

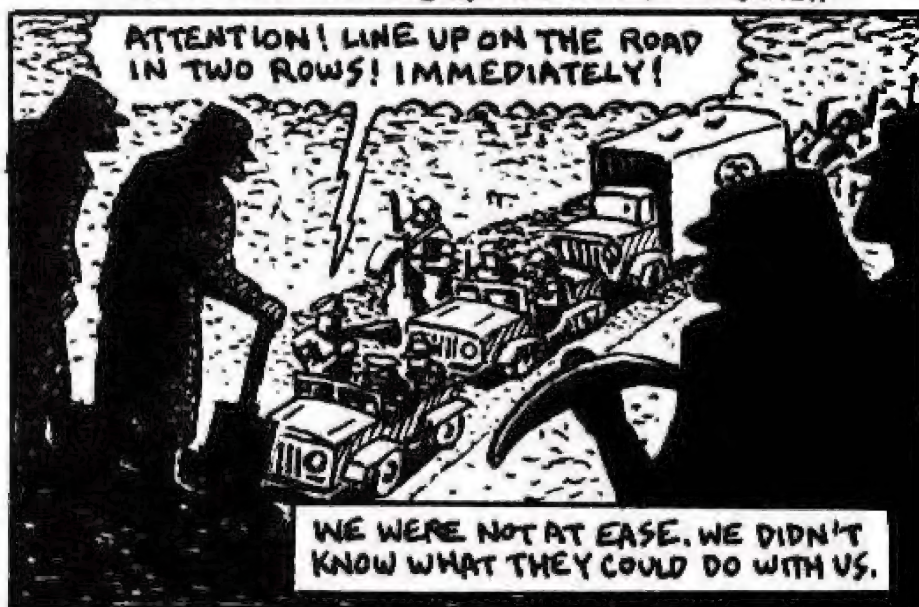
LET'S HOPE IT'S TRUE.
I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT OF HERE.



UNTIL, ONE TIME...



IT CAME VERY MANY GESTAPO AND WEHRMACHT.



I STOOD ALWAYS IN THE SECOND LINE.



SOMEONE SNEAKED NEXT TO ME...



SATURDAY, OF COURSE.



IT'S PARSHAS TRUMA!





DURING THE JOURNEY I SAT WITH THE RABBI.

SO, MY SON. NOW I SEE YOU ARE A "ROH-EH HANOLED," ONE WHO SEES WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING.



YOU SEE, THE NAZIS DIVIDED POLAND INTO PIECES: PROTECTORATE AND REICH, WITH A GUARDED BORDER BETWEEN.



HEY! THIS TRAIN SEEMS TO BE PASSING SOSNOWIEC!



WHEN THEY DIDN'T STOP THE TRAIN I BECAME VERY WORRIED.

THE TRAIN WENT COMPLETELY PAST MY PART OF POLAND - THE REICH - AND STOPPED ONLY IN THE PROTECTORATE.

THOSE WITH PAPERS FOR KRAKOW - OUT!

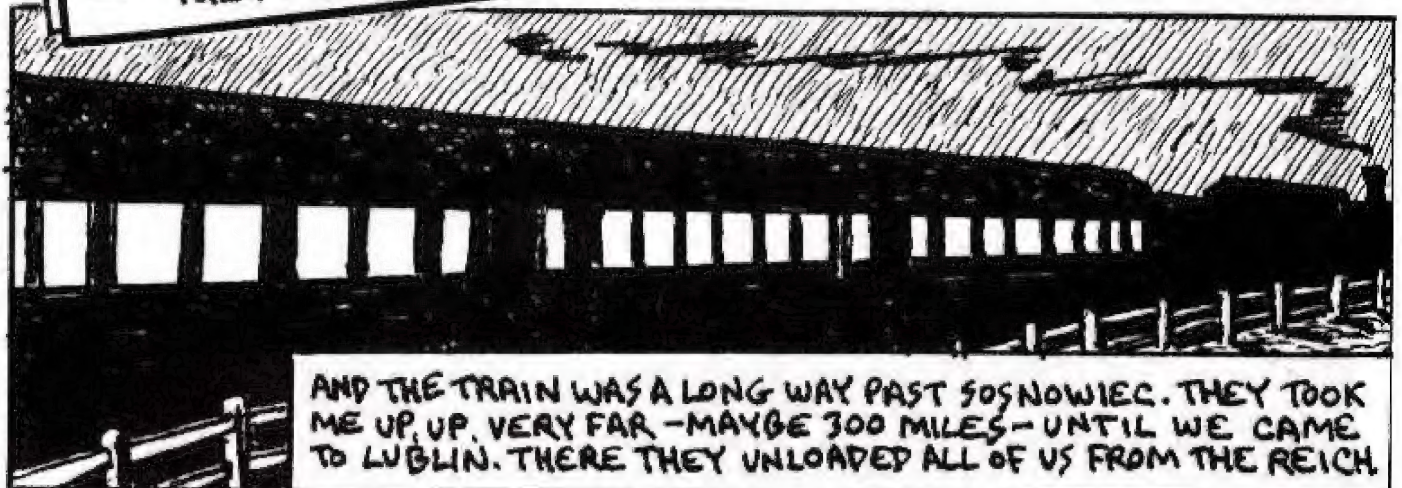


AND, WHEN IT STOPPED IN WARSAW, THE RABBI GOT OUT.

I'LL WRITE TO YOU.



BUT I NEVER HEARD AGAIN FROM HIM. IT CAME SUCH A MISERY IN WARSAW, ALMOST NONE SURVIVED.

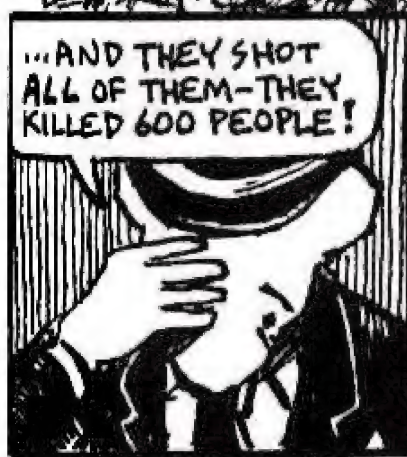


AND THE TRAIN WAS A LONG WAY PAST SOSNOWIEC. THEY TOOK ME UP, UP, VERY FAR - MAYBE 300 MILES - UNTIL WE CAME TO LUBLIN. THERE THEY UNLOADED ALL OF US FROM THE REICH.

IN LUBLIN, THEY TOOK US TO BIG TENTS...



EVENTUALLY CAME SOME PEOPLE TO SEE US FROM THE JEWISH AUTHORITIES...



I WAS VERY
FRIGHTENED.

THEN WE HEARD SOMETHING TO GIVE US A LITTLE HOPE...

WE'VE BRIBED THE GERMANS TO RELEASE
PRISONERS INTO THE HOMES OF LOCAL JEWS
WHO WILL CLAIM YOU AS RELATIVES.

MY NAME'S SPIEGELMAN. THERE'S A
FRIEND OF MY FAMILY NAMED ORBACH
IN LUBLIN. I MET HIM WHEN I WAS
HERE FOR ARMY TRAINING.

FINE! WE'LL TRY TO REG-
ISTER YOU AS HIS COUSIN.

THAT NIGHT I WENT OUT FROM THE TENT.

I HAD TO URINATE.

I RAN QUICK
INSIDE

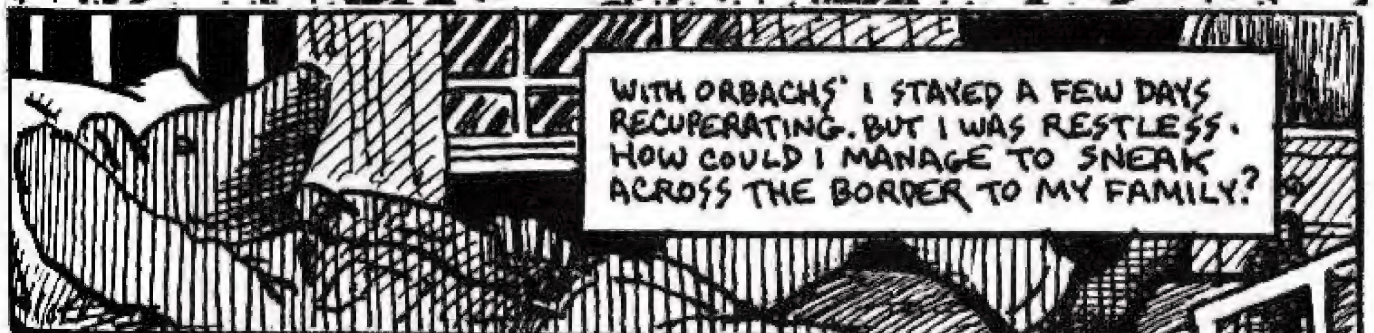
AND THOUGHT ALL NIGHT DIFFERENT
THINGS WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO US.

AND A GUARD BEGAN SHOOTING TO ME.

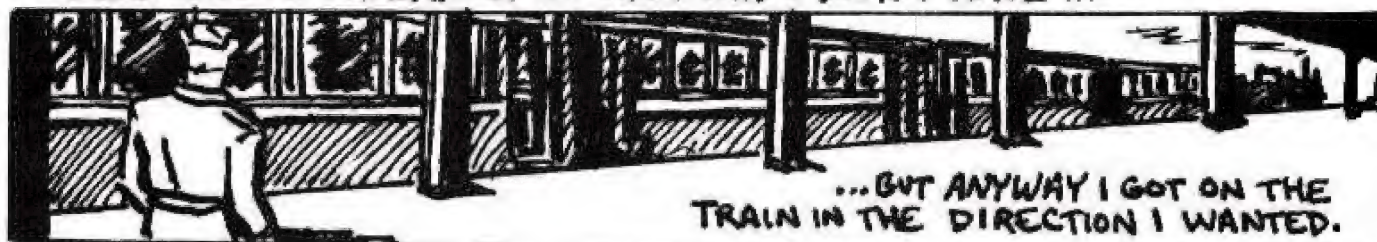
THEN AS SOON AS IT WAS LIGHT...



ORBACH WAS A FRIEND FROM MY UNCLE - HE HAD
TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS NEAR TO MY AGE.

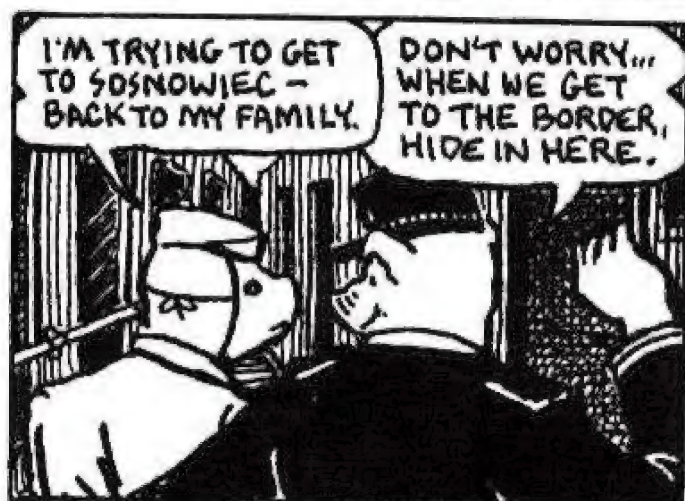


TRAINS WERE STILL GOING FROM PROTECTORATE TO REICH. ONLY, ONE NEEDED LEGAL PAPERS. OF COURSE, THIS I DIDN'T HAVE...



I STILL HAD ON MY ARMY UNIFORM, AND I DIDN'T LET KNOW I WAS A JEW.

THE POLES WERE VERY BITTER ON THE GERMANS, SO IT WAS GOOD TO SPEAK BAD OF THEM.





FROM MY PARENTS' TO SOŚNOWIEC WAS ONLY A SHORT RIDE.

GO IN AND SAY YOU JUST GOT A LETTER FROM ME SAYING I'D BE HOME IN A WEEK.



I STOOD AT THE DOOR, LISTENING...



DON'T JOKE! IF VLADEK WAS COMING HOME, HE'D HAVE WRITTEN TO US TOO!



SURPRISE!

OH MY GOD.



VLADEK!

I GRABBED MY SON. HE WAS 2½ YEARS.



RICHIEU!

BWAAH

HE STARTED SCREAMING.



WHY DO YOU CRY, MY BOY? I'M YOUR FATHER!

WAH



SNF TH' BUTTONS. YOUR METAL BUTTONS, DADDY - THEY'RE COLD!

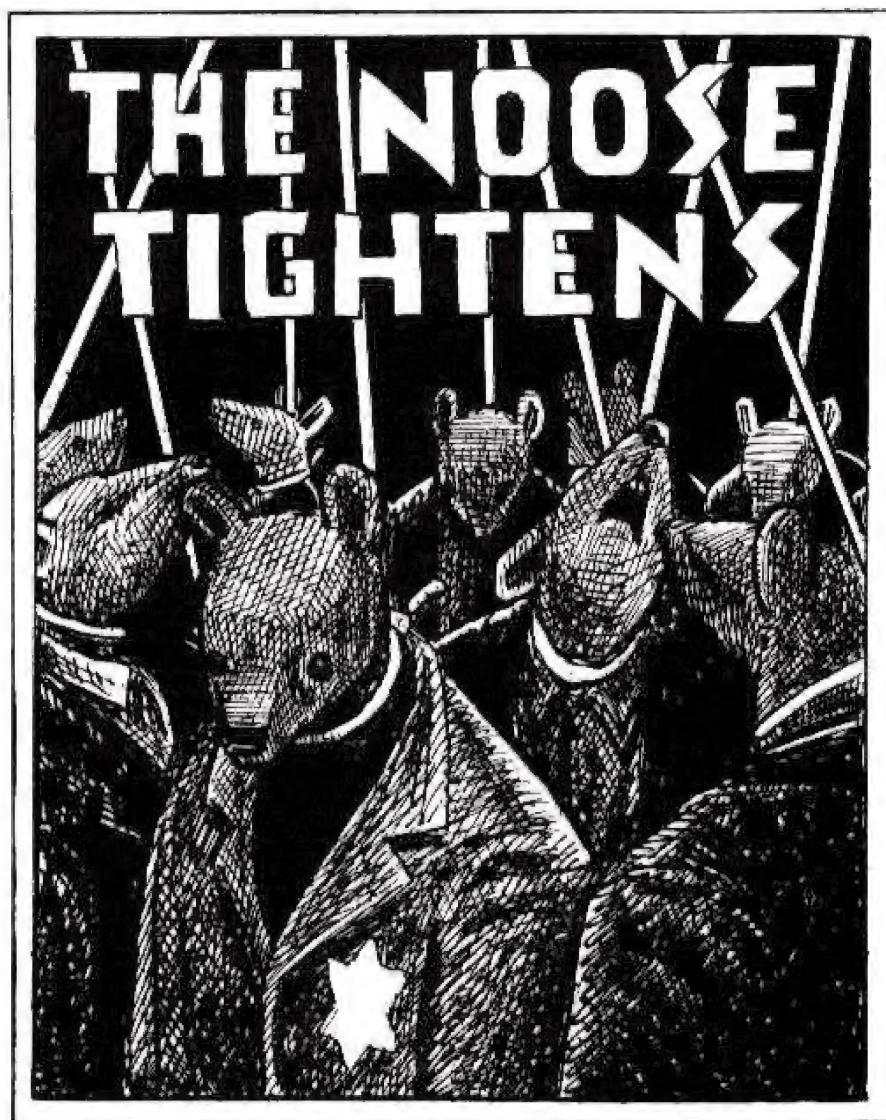
AND I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW BIG THE JOY WAS IN OUR HOUSE.







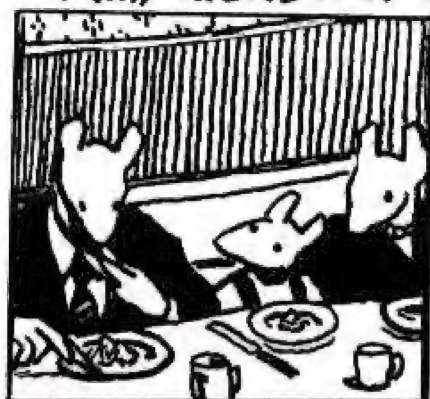
C H A P T E R F O U R



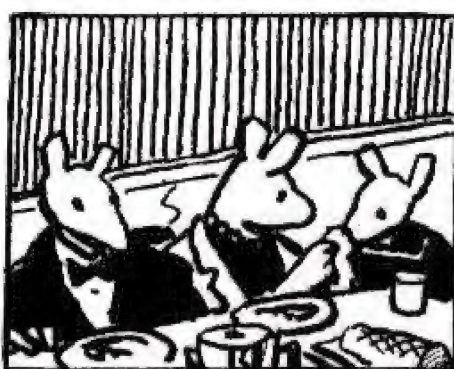




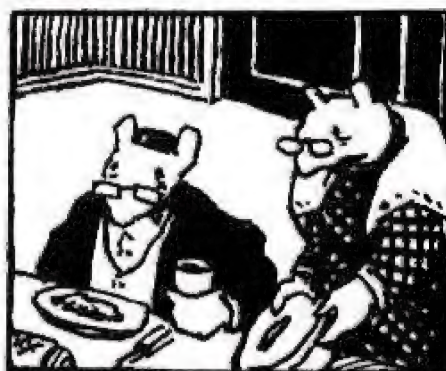
IT WAS TWELVE OF US LIVING IN FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSEHOLD...



IT WAS ANJA AND ME, AND OUR BOY, RICHIEU...



ANJA'S OLDER SISTER, TOSHA, HER HUSBAND, WOLFE, AND THEIR LITTLE GIRL, BIBI...



AND IT WAS ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS. THEY HAD MAYBE 90 YEARS, BUT VERY ALERT...



AND, OF COURSE, IT WAS MY FATHER-IN-LAW AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW...



AND ALSO THE 2 KIDS FROM YOUR UNCLE HERMAN AND AUNT HELEN: LOLEK AND LONIA

HERMAN AND HELA WERE LUCKY. THEY WERE VISITING THE N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR WHEN THE WAR CAME. THIS SAVED THEM.







I WENT THE NEXT DAY TO MODRZEJOWSKA STREET. HERE PEOPLE STILL MADE MONEY, FROM SECRET BUSINESSES. NOT SO LEGAL...



I WENT THEN TO SHOPS WHAT STILL OWED ME MONEY FROM BEFORE THE WAR...



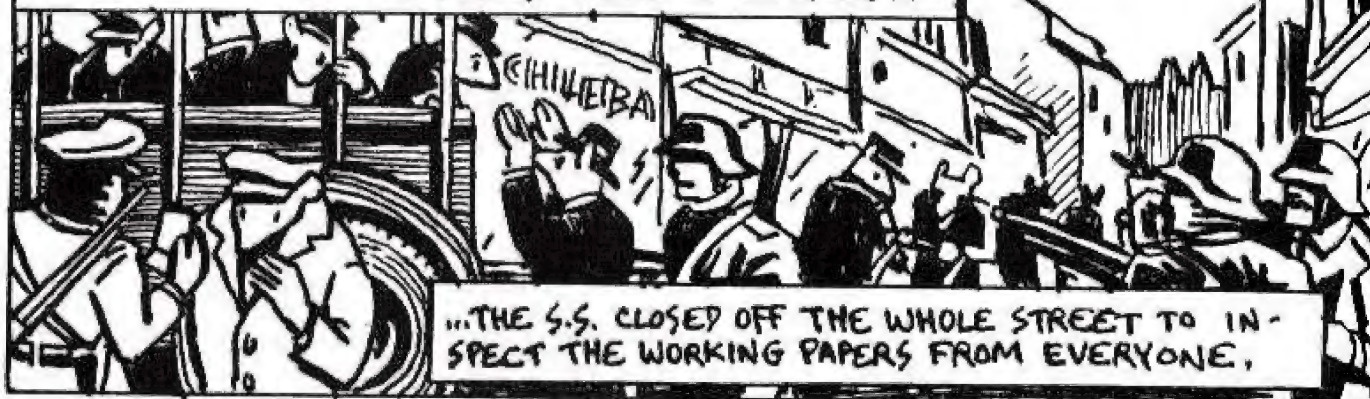
I REMEMBER, FATHER-IN-LAW WAS SO HAPPY WITH ME.



THE NOTE TOLD THAT I WORKED WITH HIM. SUCH A PAPER COULD BE USEFUL TO HAVE.



A LITTLE LATER I WAS AGAIN ON MODRZEJOWSKA, LOOKING TO BUY SOME TEXTILES WITHOUT COUPONS...



...THE S.S. CLOSED OFF THE WHOLE STREET TO INSPECT THE WORKING PAPERS FROM EVERYONE,

I DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE ABOUT THIS.



I MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR INTO A BUILDING.



BUT THEY TOOK MAYBE 50% OF THE PEOPLE AWAY.



I TALKED ABOUT IT TO FATHER-IN-LAW...

THEY ALMOST GOT ME! I'LL NEED MORE THAN JUST ILZECKI'S NOTE!



COME... WE'LL VISIT A FRIEND OF MINE WHO OWNS A TIN SHOP. I THINK HIS OVERSEER CAN BE BRIBED.



AND SO IT WENT... OKAY, VLADEK...

SINCE WE MAKE THINGS FOR GERMANY WE CAN GET YOU A PRIORITY WORK CARD.



REMEMBER, IF THERE'S A ROUNDUP, RUN IN HERE AND PRETEND YOU'RE WORKING.



I LEARNED HERE TO DO THINGS WHAT WERE USEFUL TO ME WHEN I CAME TO AUSCHWITZ.

AND SO WE LIVED FOR MORE THAN A YEAR. BUT ALWAYS THINGS CAME A LITTLE WORSE, A LITTLE WORSE...



FATHER-IN-LAW HAD A NICE NEW BEDROOM SET...



THE GERMANS LOOKED TO GRAB SUCH FURNITURE, BECAUSE IN STORES IT WASN'T ANYMORE TO GET.

WOLFE AND I SHLEPPED EVERYTHING VALUABLE DOWNSTAIRS FOR A POLISH NEIGHBOR TO HIDE.

ANJA'S MOTHER HAD GALLSTONES. THE DAY THE GERMANS CAME SHE LAY IN THE BED.

OOF. ARE WE LEAVING THE OTHER BED UPSTAIRS?

JA. MOTHER-IN-LAW IS TOO SICK. SHE NEEDS A GOOD BED.



PLEASE DON'T TAKE HER BED. LOOK AT HOW SICK SHE IS.

THE DOCTOR IS HERE EVERY DAY.



FATHER-IN-LAW HAD AN OLD FRIEND WHO CAME ALWAYS OVER TO PLAY CARDS.

HIDDEN. WE HAD NO USE FROM THE FURNITURE. SO WE SHLEPPED IT AGAIN UPSTAIRS TO SELL.

...AND THEY LEFT WITHOUT TAKING ANYTHING!

YOU KNOW, I MET A GERMAN OFFICIAL WHO WOULD PAY WELL FOR A BEDROOM SET...



YOU HAVE EXCELLENT TASTE IN FURNITURE, HERR ZYLBERBERG. THANK YOU.



MY MEN WILL BE RIGHT BACK TO GET YOUR WIFE'S BED TOO!..



YOU CHEATED US LAST TIME, JEW!

WAIT! I HAVEN'T BEEN PAID, YET.

PLEASE, IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE GO BACK INSIDE.



HE WAS SO UNHAPPY AFTER. SO UNHAPPY!



ONE TIME I WAS GOING TO SEE ILZECKI. THIS WAS LATE IN 1941, I THINK. HIS HOUSE WAS VERY NEAR TO A TRAIN STATION...

... AND IT WAS GOING ON THERE SOMETHING TERRIBLE.



I HAD TO PASS NEAR— AND THEY WERE GRAB-
BING JEWS, IF THEY HAD PAPERS OR NO!

WHAT HAD I TO DO?



WILL I WALK SLOWLY, THEY
WILL TAKE ME...

WILL I RUN THEY CAN
SHOOT ME!

THEN FROM FAR, I SAW ILZECKI WALKING,
SO I WENT HASTY OVER TO HIM.



ALLO!

MR. SPIEGELMAN! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU
SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?



QUICK—COME UPSTAIRS WITH
ME UNTIL THE TRAINS LEAVE!

ILZECKI LIVED IN A VERY FANCY
HOUSE. HE WAS THE ONLY JEW THERE



SO I SAT WITH
HIM AND HIS
WIFE A GOOD
FEW HOURS.
WE HEARD
SHOOTING AND
SCREAMS.

HE SURVIVED ME MY
LIFE THAT TIME.

ILZECKI HAD A SON THE SAME AGE LIKE RICHIEU. IF YOU ONLY COULD SEE HOW THOSE CHILDREN PLAYED TOGETHER.



WE CAN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US - BUT WE MUST KEEP OUR CHILDREN SAFE.



I HAVE A GOOD FRIEND, A POLE, WHO'S WILLING TO HIDE MY SON UNTIL THE SITUATION GETS BETTER.



...I THINK HE'D TAKE YOUR BOY TOO.

YES, YOU MAY BE RIGHT! LET ME SPEAK WITH MY FAMILY.



BUT, I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE GOING ON IN OUR HOUSE WHEN I EVEN MENTIONED IT.

WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF GIVING RICHIEU UP TO COMPLETE STRANGERS?!



I'LL NEVER GIVE UP MY BABY. NEVER!



ILZECKI AND HIS WIFE DIDN'T COME OUT FROM THE WAR.

... BUT HIS SON REMAINED ALIVE; OURS DID NOT.

... AND ANYWAY WE HAD TO GIVE RICHIEU TO HIDE A YEAR LATER.



WHEN WE WERE IN THE GHETTO, IN 1943, TOSHA TOOK ALL THE CHILDREN TO—

WAIT! PLEASE, DAD, IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR STORY CHRONOLOGICAL, I'LL NEVER GET IT STRAIGHT ... TELL ME MORE ABOUT 1941 AND 1942.

SO?... OKAY. I'LL MAKE IT SO HOW YOU WANT IT. 1941?... AT THE END OF 1941 THE GERMANS CAME WITH SOMETHING NEW. WOLFE RAN FROM THE GEMEINDER...

LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING THESE UP ALL OVER TOWN.

ORDER
All Jews of Sosnowiec must be relocated into the Stara Sosnowiec quarter by January 1, 1942. Non-Jews will be moved into vacated premises.
Marek Marcin

ALL 12 OF OUR HOUSEHOLD WERE GIVEN NOW TO LIVE IN 2½ SMALL ROOMS...



BUT THIS WASN'T YET A REAL GHETTO. STILL YOU COULD GO INTO OTHER PARTS OF TOWN SO LONG YOU WERE HOME AT NIGHT-TIME

HOLD THE LADDER, ANJA.

I'M PUTTING UP A CURTAIN TO GIVE US SOME PRIVACY.

TOSHA INSISTED ON GETTING THE PART OF THE ROOM WITH THE WINDOW.

IT DOESN'T MATTER, VLADEK. I'M JUST GLAD THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN STAY TOGETHER.

IT WAS NO MORE THE LUXURY LIFE WE HAD BEFORE.

FOR A COUPLE MONTHS I DID HERE STILL MY BLACK MARKET BUSINESS. THEN CAME MORE BAD NEWS, VERY BAD...



I WAS FRIGHTENED TO GO OUTSIDE FOR A FEW DAYS... I DIDN'T WANT TO PASS WHERE THEY WERE HANGING.



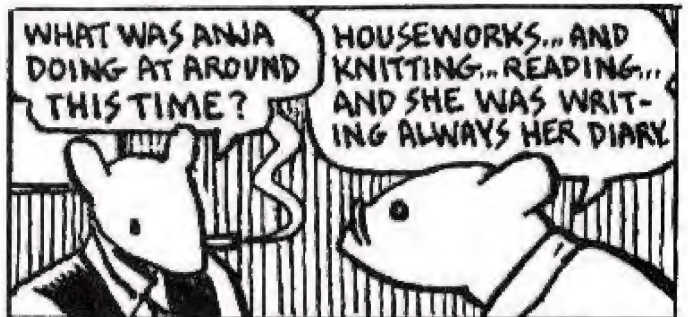
AND MAYBE ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE TALKED OF ME TO THE GERMANS TO TRY TO SAVE HIMSELF.

ACH. WHEN I THINK NOW OF THEM, IT STILL MAKES ME CRY... LOOK-EVEN FROM MY DEAD EYE TEARS ARE COMING OUT!



WHAT WAS ANJA DOING AT AROUND THIS TIME?

HOUSEWORKS... AND KNITTING... READING... AND SHE WAS WRITING ALWAYS HER DIARY.



I USED TO SEE POLISH NOTEBOOKS AROUND THE HOUSE AS A KID. WERE THOSE HER DIARIES?

YES, AND ALSO NO.



HER DIARIES DIDN'T SURVIVE FROM THE WAR. WHAT YOU SAW SHE WROTE AFTER: HER WHOLE STORY FROM THE START.

OHMIGOD! WHERE ARE THEY? I NEED THOSE FOR THIS BOOK!



COFF! PLEASE, ARTIE, STOP WITH THE SMOKING. IT MAKES ME SHORT WITH BREATH.

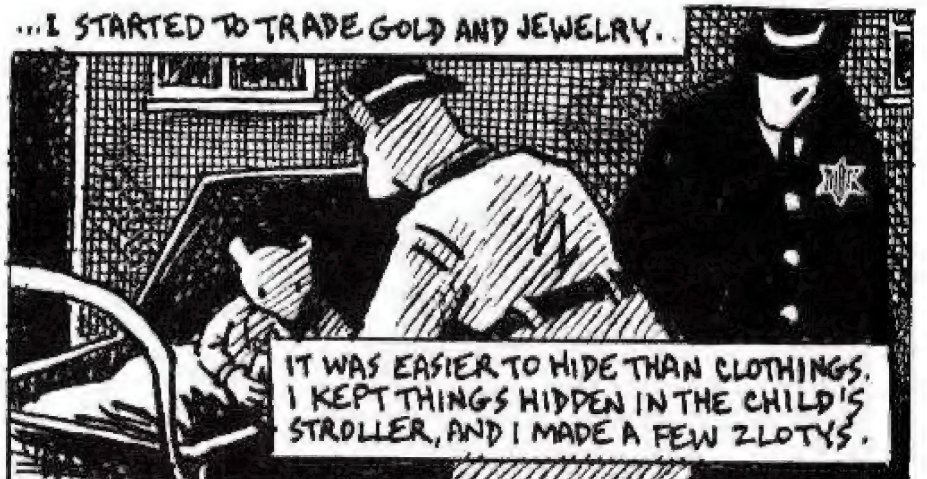
I THINK IT'S ALL YOUR PEDALING!



DON'T BE SO SMART! "WHAT I WAS TELLING YOU? YES" AFTER THE HANGING I LOOKED FOR ANOTHER BUSINESS...

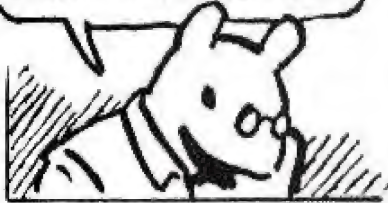


...I STARTED TO TRADE GOLD AND JEWELRY.



IT WAS EASIER TO HIDE THAN CLOTHINGS. I KEPT THINGS HIDDEN IN THE CHILD'S STROLLER, AND I MADE A FEW ZLOTYS.

FOR A WHILE I HAD ALSO A FOOD BUSINESS THAT I DIDN'T YET TELL YOU...

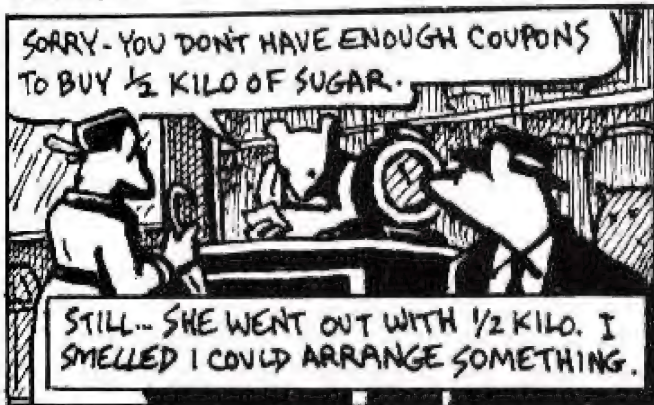


I MET SZKLARCZYK. HE HAD A BIG GROCERY ON MODRZEJOWSKA...



YOU'RE ZYLBERBERG'S SON-IN-LAW, RIGHT? COME INSIDE AND WAIT FOR THE RAIN TO STOP.

SO, TOGETHER WE SAT AND SPOKE, AND HE HELPED, FROM TIME TO TIME, A CUSTOMER...



SORRY - YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH COUPONS TO BUY 1/2 KILO OF SUGAR.

STILL... SHE WENT OUT WITH 1/2 KILO. I SMELLED I COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING.

THEN A LITTLE MORE WE SPOKE AND HE MADE TO ME A PROPOSITION...



MAYBE YOU COULD SELL MY "EXTRA" ITEMS TO SMALL SHOPS IN THE AREA ... UNDER THE COUNTER.

IT WAS DANGEROUS TO CARRY THESE THINGS - BUT MAYBE I COULD BE LUCKY.

WHEN SOMEBODY IS HUNGRY HE LOOKS FOR BUSINESS...



ONE TIME I HAD 10 OR 15 KILOS SUGAR TO DELIVER...



HALT, JEW! WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING?

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO SAY? FOR THIS I COULD REALLY HANG!



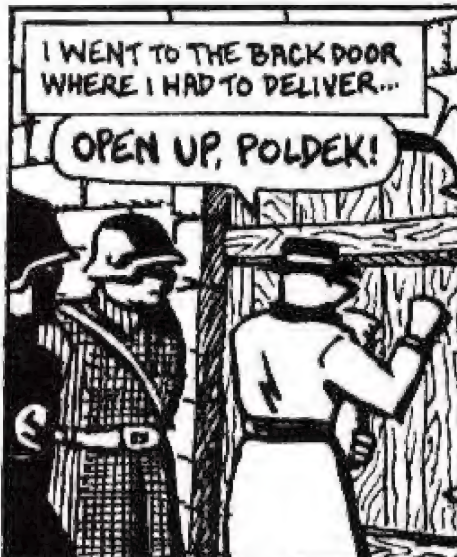
SUGAR.



...I'M TAKING IT OVER TO MY GROCERY STORE.

OH. YOU HAVE A SHOP?

I MADE SO THEY WOULD THINK IT WAS LEGAL.



I WENT TO THE BACK DOOR WHERE I HAD TO DELIVER...

OPEN UP, POLDEK!

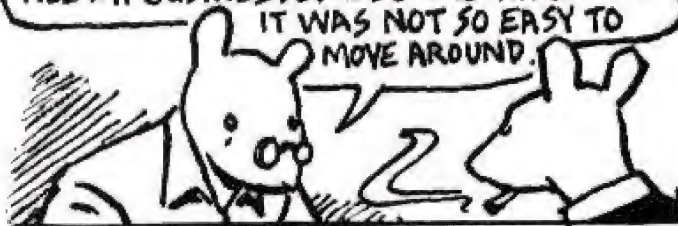


...I'VE GOT OUR SUGAR.

?!

AND THEY LEFT ME GO WITHOUT EVEN CHECKING MY PAPERS!

BUT WHEN WE CAME TO STARA SOSNOWIEC, ALL MY BUSINESSES BECAME HARDER... IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO MOVE AROUND.



THE TIN SHOP FINISHED - THE OWNER WAS THE ONLY JEW THEY LET WORK THERE. I GOT THEN A JOB IN A GERMAN CARPENTRY SHOP.



FATHER-IN-LAW AND LOLEK WORKED ALREADY THERE, FOR REALLY NO MONEY. I DIDN'T NEED THIS BEFORE, BUT NOW I HAD TO HAVE THE WORK PAPER.



WOLFE COULD HAVE ARRANGED ME A JOB AT THE GEMEINDE... BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT MY HANDS THERE WHERE JEWS WERE BEING TAKEN.



AND THEN IT CAME AGAIN SOMETHING NEW FROM THE GERMANS. WE GOT A NOTICE...

"ALL JEWS OVER 70 YEARS OLD WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO THERESIENSTADT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA ON MAY 10, 1942..."



"...A COMMUNITY BETTER PREPARED TO TAKE CARE OF THE ELDERLY THAN OURS IN SOSNOWIEC..."

IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD! LIKE A CONVALESCENT HOME.



ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS HAD ABOUT 90 YEARS.

WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER - A FAMILY - FOR 70 YEARS. WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK APART NOW!

DON'T WORRY. WE WON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU.

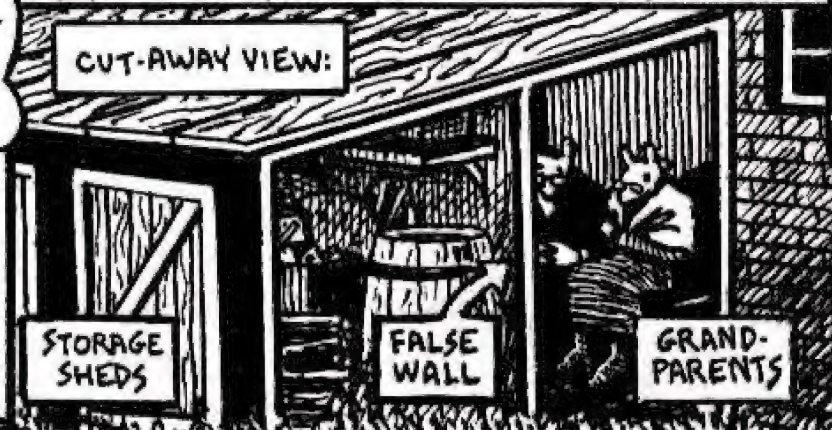


WE DIDN'T YET KNOW OF AUSCHWITZ - OF THE OVENS - BUT WE WERE ANYWAY AFRAID.



...SO, IN THE YARD, WE MADE A HIDING PLACE, A BUNKER...

CUT-AWAY VIEW:



WE SNEAKED FOOD TO THEM, AND - WHEN IT WAS SAFE - WE TOOK THEM INSIDE A LITTLE.



SEVERAL TIMES CAME THE JEWISH POLICE TO OUR HOUSE...

OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT MR. AND MRS. KARMIO LIVE HERE. THEY HAVEN'T REGISTERED FOR TRANSFER.

YES - MY WIFE'S PARENTS - THEY LEFT WITHOUT A WORD A MONTH AGO.

JEWISH POLICE?

YES - WITH BIG STICKS.



SOME JEWS THOUGHT IN THIS WAY: IF THEY GAVE TO THE GERMANS A FEW JEWS, THEY COULD SAVE THE REST.

AND AT LEAST THEY COULD SAVE THEMSELVES.



AND A MONTH AFTER, THEY AGAIN CAME TO FATHER-IN-LAW.

MR. ZYLBERBERG, YOU AND YOUR WIFE MUST COME WITH US.

IF THE KARMIOS DON'T TURN UP IN 3 DAYS YOU TWO WILL BE SENT IN THEIR PLACE!

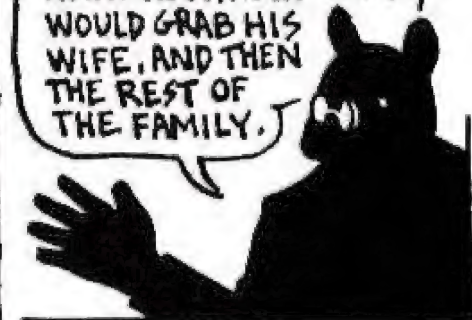


HE HAD STILL A LITTLE "PROTECTION" FROM THE GEMEINDE, SO THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY - NOT HIS WIFE.



HE SAT A FEW DAYS THERE, THEN HE SENT TO US A NOTE

HE WROTE THAT WE HAD TO GIVE OVER THE GRANDPARENTS. EVEN IF THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY NOW, NEXT THEY WOULD GRAB HIS WIFE, AND THEN THE REST OF THE FAMILY.



SO, WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED? WE HAD TO DELIVER THEM!



THEY THOUGHT IT WAS TO THERESIENSTADT THEY WERE GOING.

LET US KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!



BUT THEY WENT RIGHT AWAY TO AUSCHWITZ, TO THE GAS.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST HEAR ABOUT AUSCHWITZ?

RIGHT AWAY WE HEARD...



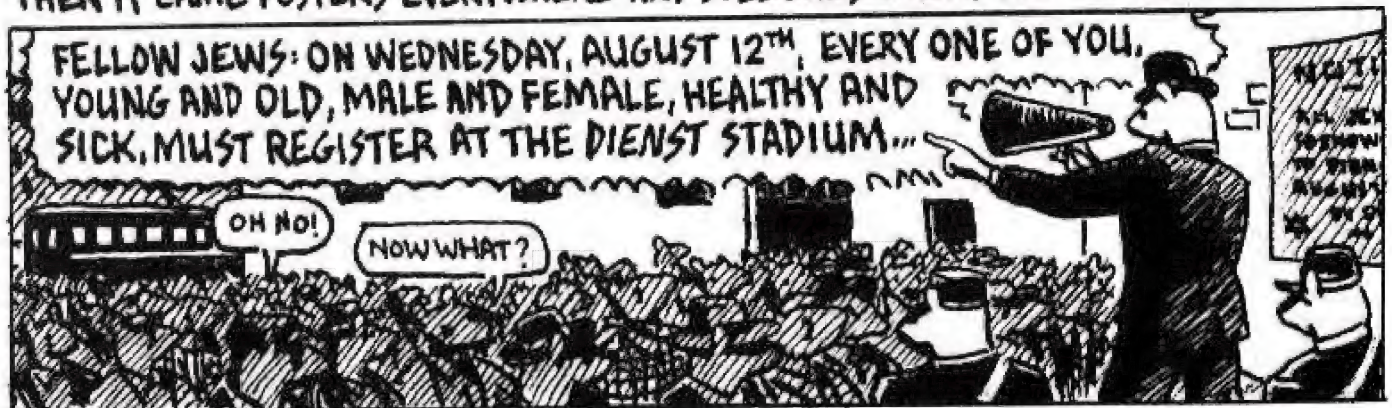
EVEN FROM THERE - FROM THAT OTHER WORLD - PEOPLE CAME BACK AND TOLD US. BUT WE DIDN'T BELIEVE.



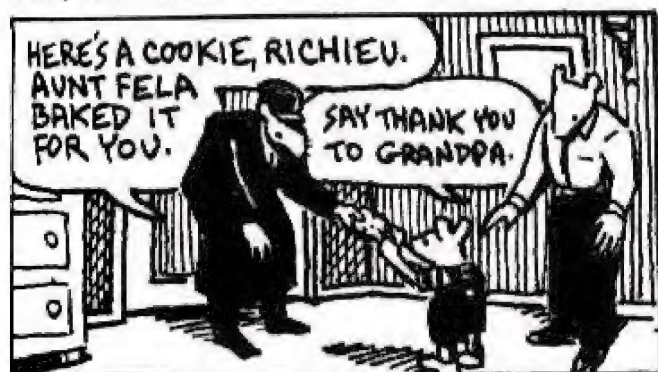
THEN THIS SAME NEWS CAME MORE AND MORE, SO WE BELIEVED, AND LATER ON, WE SAW ... EVEN WORSE!



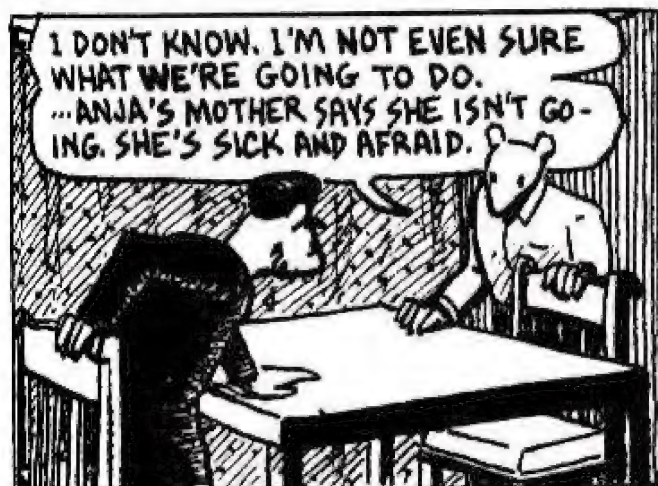
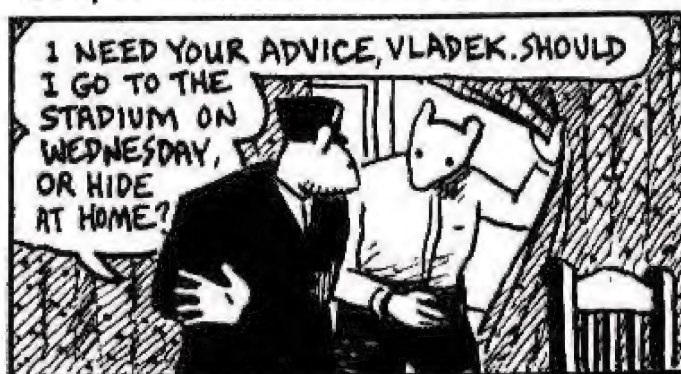
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GRANDPARENTS, IT WAS A FEW MONTHS QUIET. THEN IT CAME POSTERS EVERYWHERE AND SPEECHES FROM THE GEMEINDE...



MY FATHER- HE HAD 62 YEARS- CAME BY STREETCAR TO ME FROM DABROWA, THE VILLAGE NEXT DOOR FROM SOSNOWIEC.

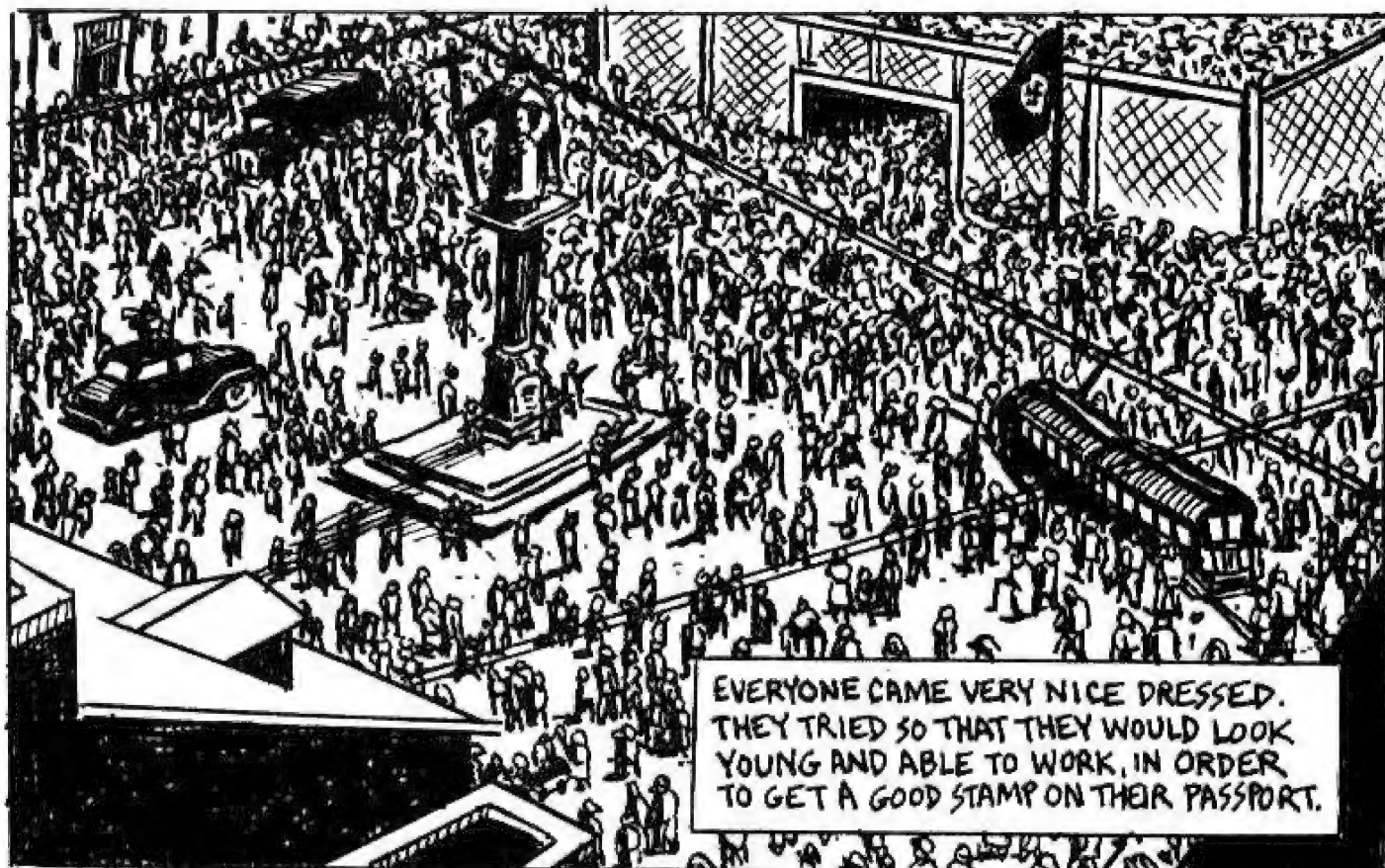


AFTER MY MOTHER DIED WITH CANCER, HE LIVED THERE IN THE HOUSE OF MY SISTER FELA, AND HER FOUR SMALL CHILDREN.



REALLY, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ADVISE HIM.





WHEN WE WERE EVERYBODY INSIDE, GESTAPO WITH MACHINE GUNS SURROUNDED THE STADIUM.



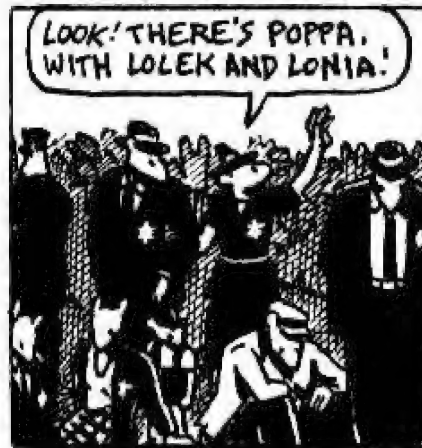
THEN WAS A SELECTION, WITH PEOPLE SENT EITHER TO THE LEFT, EITHER TO THE RIGHT.



ME AND ANJA CAME TO THE TABLE WHERE MY COUSIN WAS SITTING...



WE WERE SO HAPPY WE CAME THROUGH. BUT WE WORRIED NOW- WERE OUR FAMILIES SAFE?



BUT LATER SOMEONE WHO SAW HIM TOLD ME... HE CAME THROUGH THIS SAME COUSIN OVER TO THE GOOD SIDE.

HER, THEY SENT TO THE LEFT. FOUR CHILDREN WAS TOO MANY.



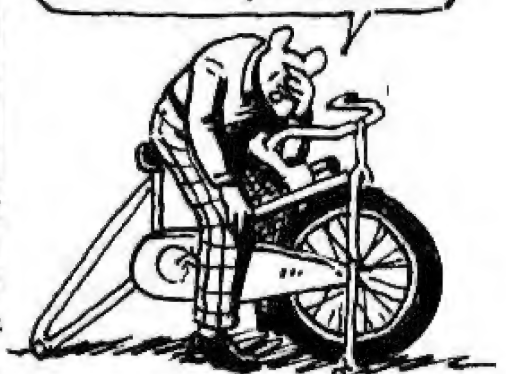
AND, WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE SNEAKED ON TO THE BAD SIDE!



THOSE WITH A STAMP WERE LET TO GO HOME. BUT THERE WERE VERY FEW JEWS NOW LEFT IN SOSNOWIEC ...



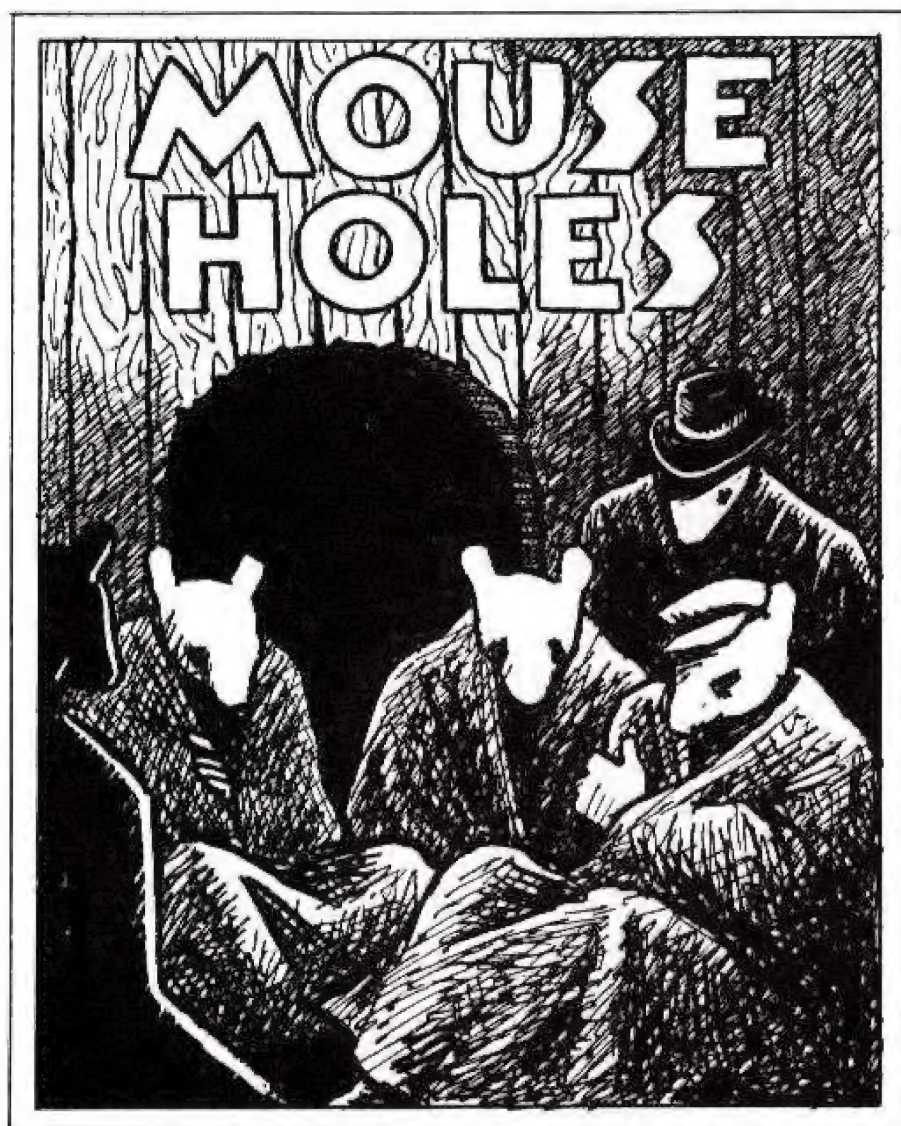
WELL... IT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY. YES, ARTIE?...





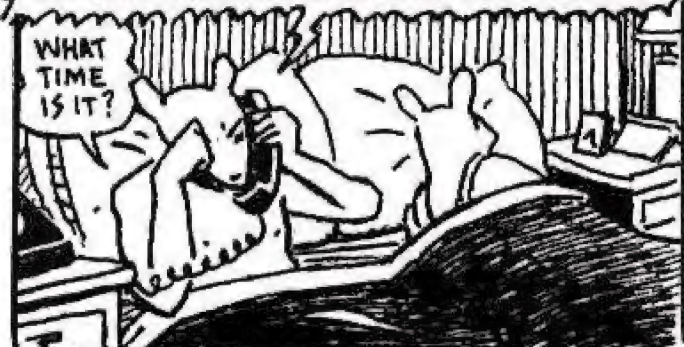


C H A P T E R F I V E





HE INSISTED ON FIXING THE DRAIN-PIPE AND GOT DIZZY! I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER GOT HIM DOWN!



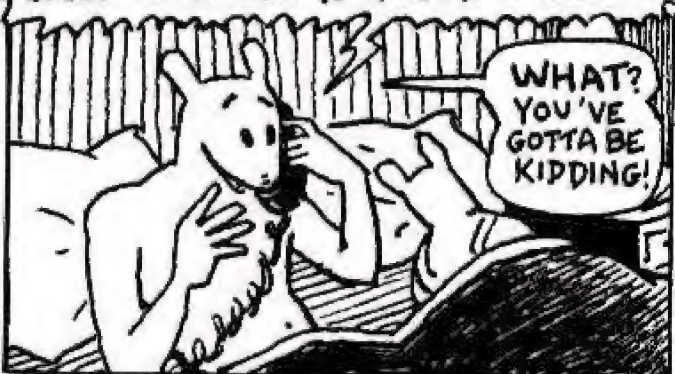
NOW HE WANTS TO CLIMB BACK UP! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!



WHY DON'T YOU CALL A HANDYMAN? JEEZ, MALA, IT'S ONLY 7:30 AM. FRANÇOISE AND I WERE UP 'TIL 4:00! YOU KNOW WE DON'T GET UP 'TIL-



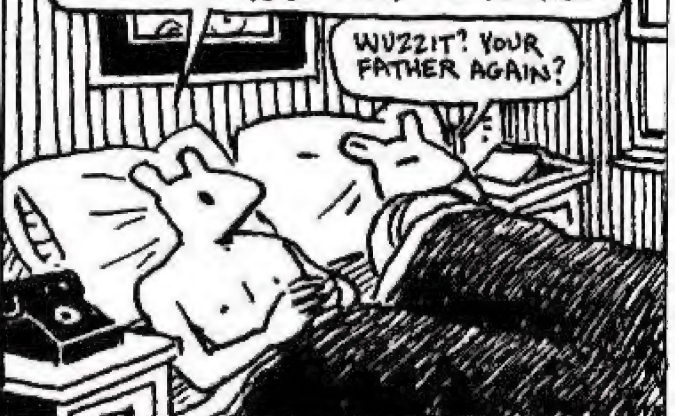
I'M TELLING YOU, MALA MAKES ME MESHUGAH! I WANT THAT MAYBE YOU COULD COME NOW TO QUEENSTO HELP ME.



WHEN I WAS YOUNG I COULD DO BY MYSELF THESE THINGS. BUT NOW, DARLING I NEED IT YOUR HELP FOR THE DRAINPIPE!

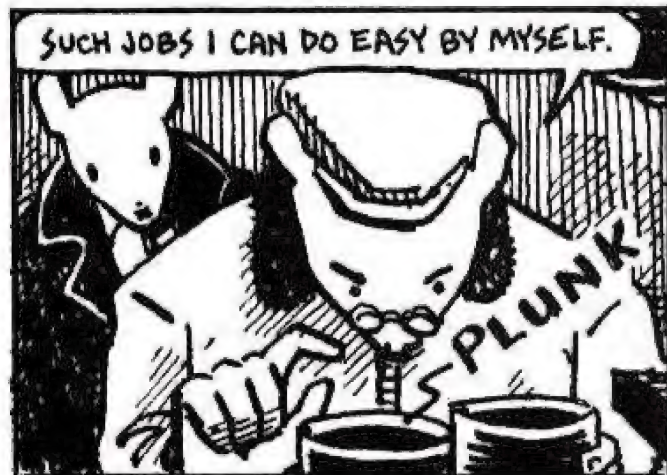


WHEW. MAYBE I WAS DREAMING.

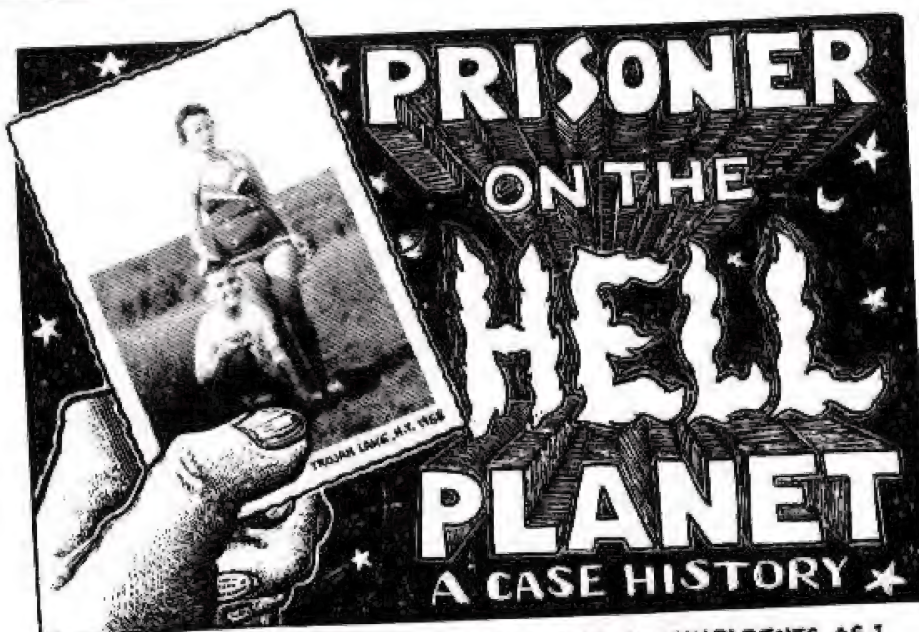




About a week later, early afternoon...



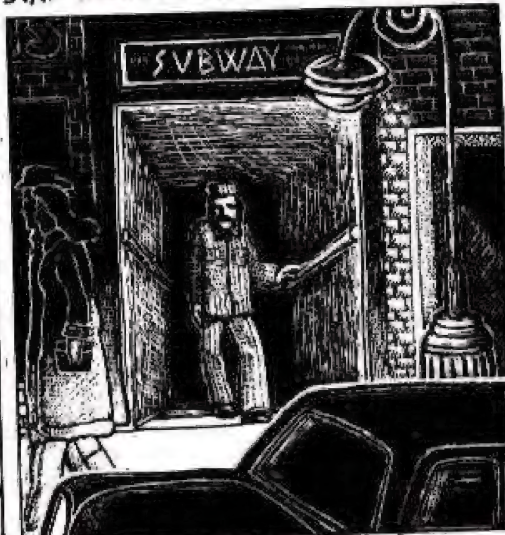




MY FATHER FOUND HER WHEN HE GOT HOME FROM WORK... HER WRISTS SLASHED AND AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF PILLS NEARBY...

I WAS LIVING WITH MY PARENTS, AS I AGREED TO DO ON MY RELEASE FROM THE STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL 3 MONTHS BEFORE.

IN 1968, WHEN I WAS 20, MY MOTHER KILLED HERSELF. SHE LEFT NO NOTE.



I'D JUST SPENT THE WEEKEND WITH MY GIRLFRIEND, ISABELLA (MY PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE HER). I WAS LATE GETTING HOME...



I SUPPOSE THAT IF I'D GOTTEN HOME WHEN EXPECTED, I WOULD HAVE FOUND HER BODY...



WHEN I SAW THE CROWD I HAD A PANG OF FEAR... I SUSPECTED THE WORST, BUT DIDN'T LET MYSELF KNOW.

A COUSIN HERDED ME AWAY FROM THE SCENE.

DOCTOR ORENS LIVED NEARBY...



COME TO THE DOCTOR'S....
YOUR MOTHER IS -AH- SICK!...
HE WILL EXPLAIN



SIT DOWN, ARTHUR... I
THOUGHT I SHOULD BE
THE ONE TO TELL YOU...



YOUR MOTHER KILLED HER-
SELF - SHE'S DEAD !

I COULD AVOID THE TRUTH NO LONGER - THE DOCTOR'S WORDS CLATTERED INSIDE
ME.... I FELT CONFUSED, I FELT ANGRY, I FELT NUMB! ... I DIDN'T EXACTLY FEEL
LIKE CRYING, BUT FIGURED I SHOULD!....



SHE'S DEAD!
A SUICIDE!



NOW, NOW, BOY...

NO, LET HIM
CRY - IT'S GOOD
FOR HIM!

WE WENT HOME... MY FATHER HAD COM-
PLETELY FALLEN APART!



OY ARTIE! WHY? WHY!
SUCH A TRAGEDY! AND
NOT EVEN A NOTE !!!

I WAS EXPECTED TO
COMFORT HIM !



MOTHER...
MOTHER...

SOMEHOW THE FUNERAL ARRANGE-
MENTS WERE MADE...



...AND FOR \$950⁰⁰ WE HAVE A
BRONZE CASKET WITH BRONZE-
COLORED VELVET... OF COURSE,
FOR \$2,000⁰⁰ WE CAN...

PROTECT
WHAT YOU
HAVE

THAT NIGHT WAS BAD...
MY FATHER INSISTED WE
SLEEP ON THE FLOOR-AN OLD
JEWISH CUSTOM, I GUESS.
HE HELD ME AND MOANED
TO HIMSELF ALL NIGHT.
I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE...
WE WERE SCARED!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE FUNERAL HOME WAS WORSE...



MY FATHER FOUGHT FOR SELF-CONTROL AND PRAY
I WAS PRETTY SPACED OUT IN THOSE DAYS-I R
TO MY MOTHER FROM THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE I

...די ברא כרעיתא דימליך...



IT WAS TOO MUCH - I HAD TO LEAVE ...



A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY FOUND ME OUT IN THE HALL



I FELT NAUSEOUS THE GUILT WAS OVERWHELMING!



THE NEXT WEEK WE SPENT IN MOURNING... MY FATHER'S FRIENDS ALL OFFERED ME HOSTILITY MIXED IN WITH THEIR CONDO- LENCES...

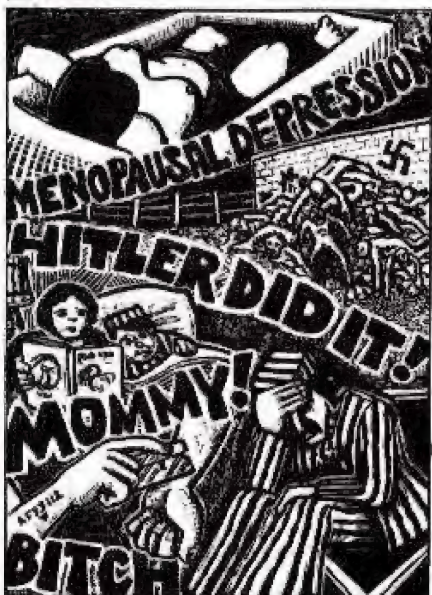


ARTHUR—WE'RE SO SORRY...

IT'S HIS FAULT— THE PUNK!

THEY THINK IT'S MY FAULT!!

...BUT, FOR THE MOST PART, I WAS LEFT ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS...



MENOPAUSAL DEPRESSION
HITLER DID IT!
MOMMY!
BITCH

I REMEMBERED THE LAST TIME I SAW HER...



...ARTIE...

SHE CAME INTO MY ROOM... IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT...



...ARTIE ... YOU ... STILL ... LOVE ... ME ... DON'T YOU? ...

...I TURNED AWAY, RESENTFUL OF THE WAY SHE TIGHTENED THE UMBILICAL CORD...



SURE, MA!

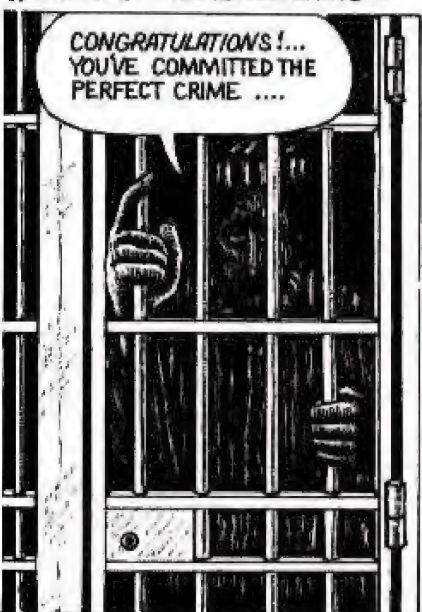


...SHE WALKED OUT AND CLOSED THE DOOR!

CLIK!

ACH!

WELL, MOM, IF YOU'RE LISTENING...

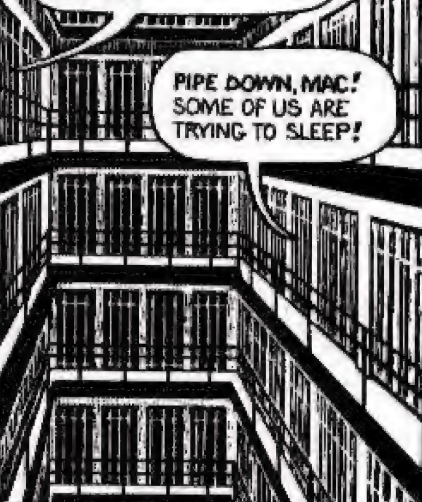


CONGRATULATIONS!... YOU'VE COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME ...

...YOU PUT ME HERE ... SHORTED ALL MY CIR- CUI TS... CUT MY NERVE ENDINGS ... AND CROSSED MY WIRES!

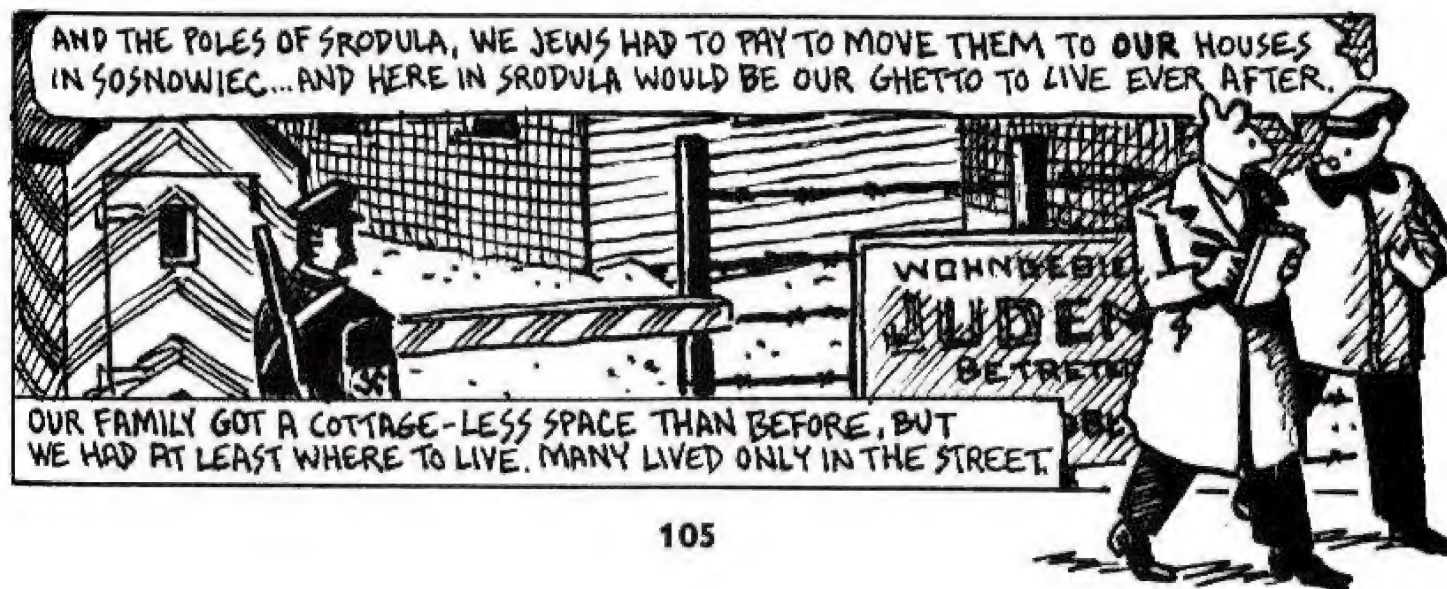


...YOU MURDERED ME, MOMMY, AND YOU LEFT ME HERE TO TAKE THE RAP!!!



PIPE DOWN, MAC! SOME OF US ARE TRYING TO SLEEP!





EACH DAY WE WERE TAKEN TO SOSNOWIEC, TO WORK IN GERMAN "SHOPS"...

ANJA, WITH HER SISTER, TOSHA, THEY WORKED IN A CLOTHING'S FACTORY...

AND I WENT, TOGETHER WITH MY NEPHEW, LOLEK, TO A WOODWORK SHOP.

EVERY DAY THE GUARDS MARCHED US ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF TO WORK.



THE GUARDS, IT WAS JEWS WITH BIG STICKS. THEY ACTED SO, JUST LIKE THE GERMANS.

...AND EVERY NIGHT THEY MARCHED US BACK, COUNTED US, AND LOCKED US IN.



VLADK! LOLEK! HURRY HOME!

ANJA!
WHAT
IS IT?

WOLFE'S UNCLE PERSIS IS AT OUR HOUSE!

FROM ZAWIERCIE?

YES. HE'S A BIG SHOT THERE...THE
HEAD OF THEIR JEWISH COUNCIL.
HE WANTS WOLFE, TOSHA AND BIBI
TO GO LIVE WITH HIM IN ZAWIERCIE.



SO PERSIS ARRANGED, AND HE CAME AGAIN TO SRODULA.



IT WENT WITH HIM WOLFE, TOSHA AND BIBI

LOLEK'S LITTLE SISTER, LONIA

AND OUR BOY, RICHIEU.

WE WATCHED UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED FROM OUR EYES...



IT WAS THE LAST TIME EVER WE SAW THEM; BUT THAT WE COULDN'T KNOW.

WHEN THINGS CAME WORSE IN OUR GHETTO WE SAID ALWAYS: "THANK GOD THE KIDS ARE WITH PERSIS, SAFE



THAT SPRING, ON ONE DAY, THE GERMANS TOOK FROM SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ OVER 1,000 PEOPLE.



MOST THEY TOOK WERE KIDS - SOME ONLY 2 OR 3 YEARS.



SOME KIDS WERE SCREAMING AND SCREAMING. THEY COULDN'T STOP.

SO THE GERMANS SWINGED THEM BY THE LEGS AGAINST A WALL...



AND THEY NEVER ANYMORE SCREAMED.

IN THIS WAY THE GERMANS TREATED THE LITTLE ONES WHAT STILL HAD SURVIVED A LITTLE.



THIS I DIDN'T SEE WITH MY OWN EYES, BUT SOMEBODY THE NEXT DAY TOLD ME. AND I SAID, "THANK GOD WITH PERSIS OUR CHILDREN ARE SAFE!"



A FEW MONTHS AFTER WE SENT RICHIEU TO ZAWIERCIE, THE GERMANS DECIDED THEY WOULD FINISH OUT THAT GHETTO.

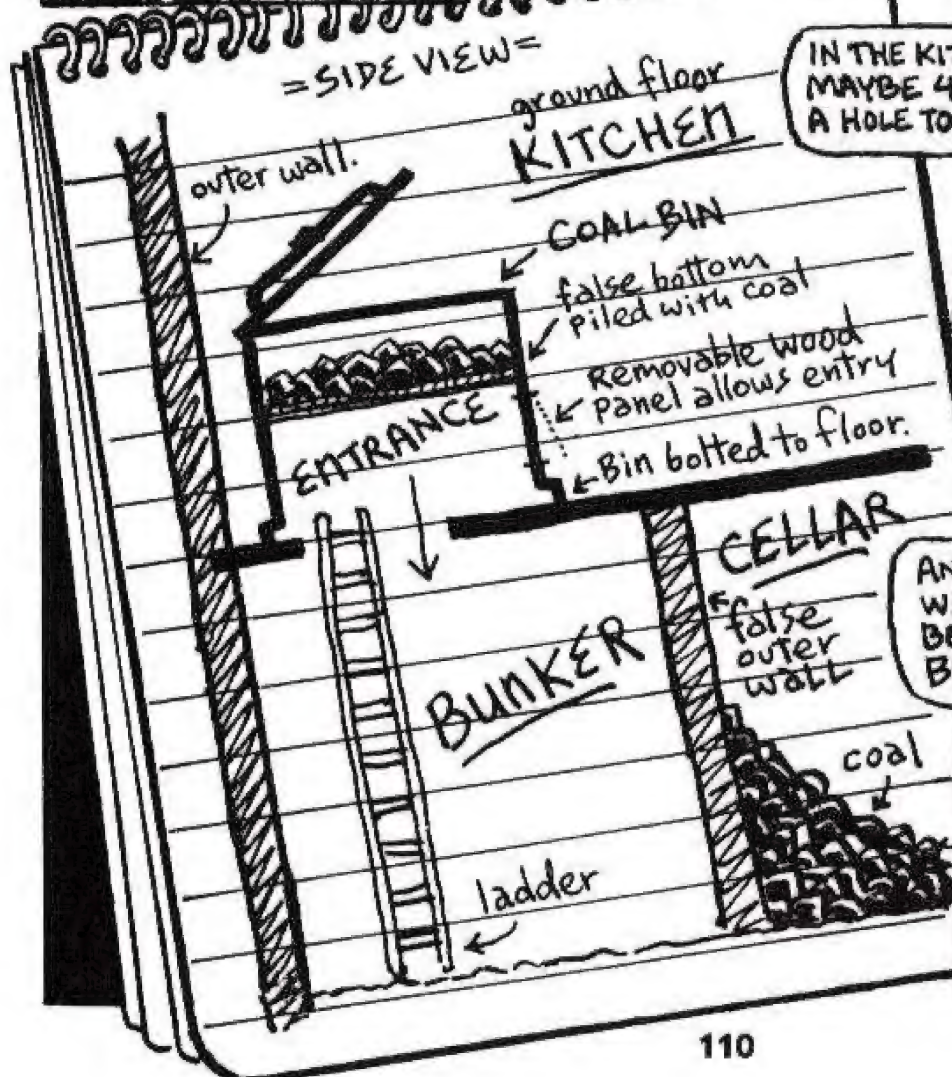


ALL THE GESTAPO IN THE GHETTO HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY OTHERS FROM OPOLE. THEY JUST SHOT PERSIS AND THE REST OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL!...



THEY'RE EVACUATING ZAWIERCIE. WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO GO TO THE SQUARE WITH OUR BAGGAGE RIGHT AWAY. THEY'RE SENDING ALL OF US OUT - TO AUSCHWITZ!



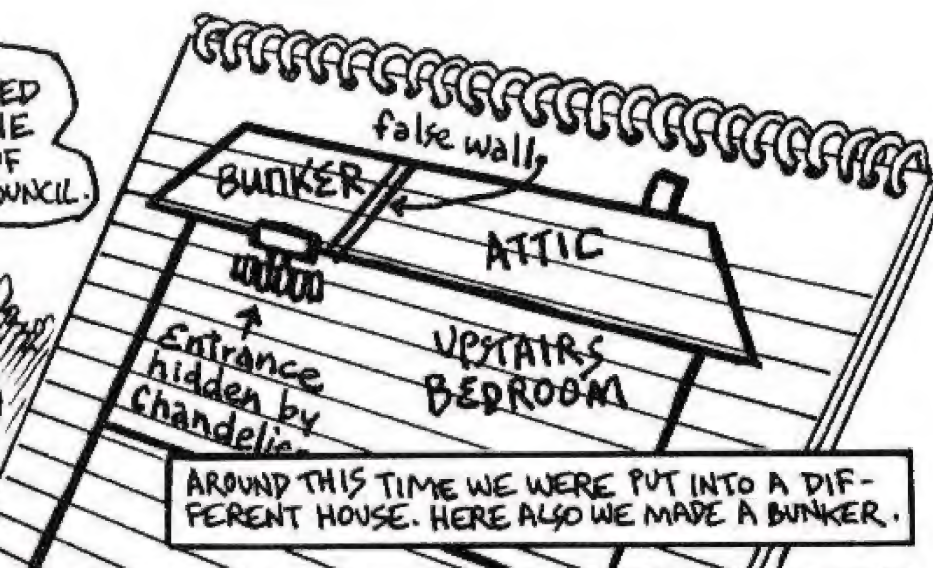


IN THE KITCHEN WAS A COAL CABINET MAYBE 4 FOOT WIDE. INSIDE I MADE A HOLE TO GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR.





THEN, IN JUNE, THEY ARRESTED MONIEK MERIN AND ALL THE OTHER HIGHEST BIG SHOTS OF THE JUDENRAT, THE JEWISH COUNCIL.



AROUND THIS TIME WE WERE PUT INTO A DIFFERENT HOUSE. HERE ALSO WE MADE A BUNKER.

BY THE END OF JULY THE NAZIS MADE TO LIQUIDATE COMPLETELY OUR GHETTO - IT WAS 10,000 JEWS TAKEN AWAY IN ONE WEEK.



EXCEPT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD, WE STAYED MOSTLY IN THE BUNKER.

LOLEK! THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE!

IT'S LIKE A BATTLEFIELD OUTSIDE!



THERE'S HARDLY ANYONE LEFT IN SRODULA. EVERYONE HAS BEEN DEPORTED OR SHOT.

FROM ALL THE JEWS OF ALL SOSNOWIEC IT WAS LEFT MAYBE 1,000 IN THE GHETTO.



AT LEAST YOUR BAG IS FULL... YOU FOUND A LOT OF FOOD, YES?

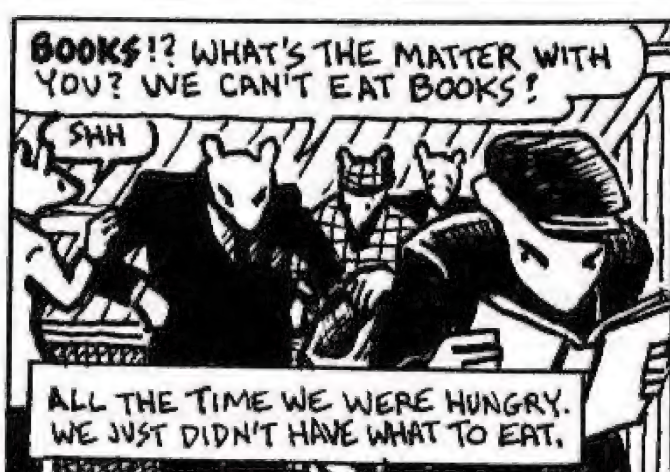
JUST A FEW OLD TURNIPS... AND SOME BOOKS.



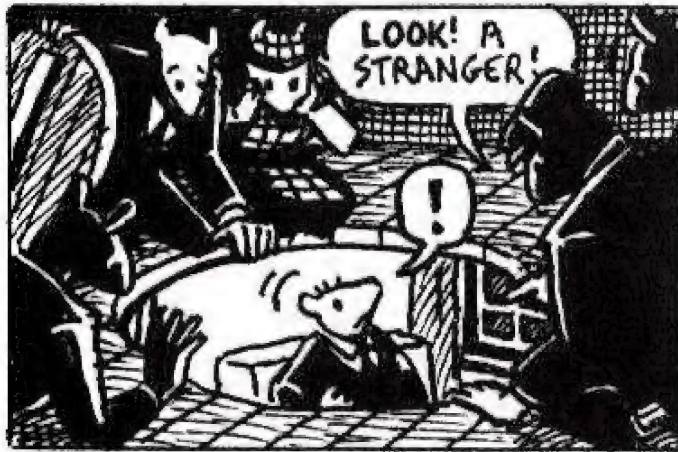
BOOKS!? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WE CAN'T EAT BOOKS!

SHH

ALL THE TIME WE WERE HUNGRY. WE JUST DIDN'T HAVE WHAT TO EAT.



ONE NIGHT WE WENT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD...



WE DRAGGED HIM UP TO OUR BUNKER



MY WIFE AND I HAVE A STARVING BABY. I WAS OUT HUNTING FOR SCRAPS!



HE MAY BE AN INFORMER. THE SAFEST THING WOULD BE TO KILL HIM!



IN THE MORNING WE GAVE A LITTLE FOOD TO HIM AND LEFT HIM GO TO HIS FAMILY...



...THE GESTAPO CAME THAT AFTERNOON.





THE NEXT DAY CAME IN TWO GIRLS CARRYING FOOD. WITH THEM CAME HASKEL, A CHIEF OF THE JEWISH POLICE.

(LOOK, VLADEK. I CAN GET YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT-EVEN YOUR NEPHEW. BUT YOUR IN-LAWS ARE TOO OLD. THEY'LL NEVER GET PAST THE GUARDS.)

PLEASE! WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.



THE TWO GIRLS HE SENT BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

QUICK, BOY. GRAB THIS EMPTY PAIL AND CARRY IT OUT WITH ME.



FROM THE WINDOW WE SAW LOLEK GO.

MY GOD, VLADEK...



YOU MUST GET MATKA AND ME OUT TOO. GIVE YOUR COUSIN THIS GOLD WATCH, THIS DIAMOND-ANYTHING!

OF COURSE I-I'LL DO EVERY-THING I CAN.

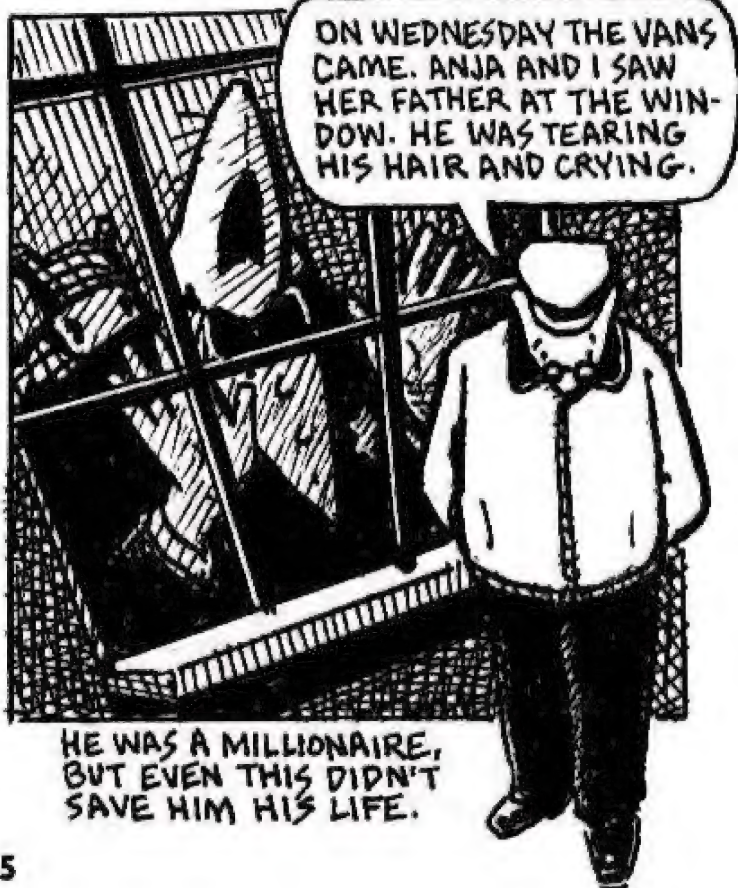


THE DAY AFTER, ANJA AND I CARRIED PAST THE GUARDS THE EMPTY PAIRS.

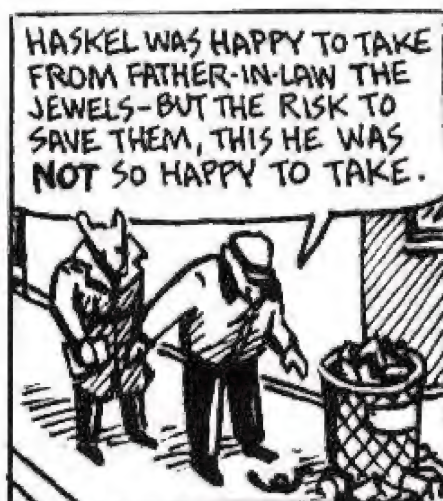


HASKEL TOOK FROM ME FATHER-IN-LAW'S JEWELS. BUT, FINALLY, HE DIDN'T HELP THEM.

ON WEDNESDAY THE VANS CAME. ANJA AND I SAW HER FATHER AT THE WINDOW. HE WAS TEARING HIS HAIR AND CRYING.



HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE, BUT EVEN THIS DIDN'T SAVE HIM HIS LIFE.





HASKEL HAD 2 BROTHERS, PESACH AND MILOCH. PESACH WAS ALSO A KOMBINATOR. BUT MILOCH, HE WAS A FINE FELLOW.



HASKEL IS ALIVE STILL IN POLAND, WITH A POLISH WOMAN, A JUDGE, WHAT KEPT HIM HIDDEN WHEN NYAAK!



MY HEART - ARTIE! QUICK! TAKE FROM MY POCKET A NITROSTAT PILL.



H-HERE... YOU OKAY?

HOOSH



I-I'LL BE FINE NOW. I HAVE ONLY TO CATCH MY BREATH STILL FOR A MINUTE.



LET'S SIT ON THAT STOOP.

JUST RELAX. DON'T TALK FOR A WHILE.



HOOSH! I MADE TOO FAST, OUR WALKING!

THANK GOD, WITH THE NITROSTAT IT'S COMPLETELY OVER RIGHT AWAY! WHAT WAS I TELLING YOU?



YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?

WELL, YOU WERE SAYING THAT HASKEL SURVIVED THE WAR.

YES. EVEN A FEW YEARS AGO I SENT HIM PACKAGES.



GIFTS? WHY? HE SOUNDS LIKE A ROTTEN GUY!



YES. I DON'T KNOW WHY. I KNOW ONLY THAT I SENT.

YOU KNOW, ONE TIME I WAS IN THE GHETTO WALKING AROUND...



GIVE ME YOUR I.D. PAPERS - I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT.



AH. I SEE YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SPIEGELMAN FAMILY... GO ON YOUR WAY THEN, AND GIVE HASKEL MY REGARDS.

.... SUCH FRIENDS HASKEL HAD,

I TOLD HASKEL AND MILOCH LATER ABOUT THIS.



BUT COUSIN PESACH WAS REALLY SELLING CAKE! EVERYONE WHAT COULD AFFORD IT STOOD ON LINE TO BUY A PIECE...



PESACH WAS LIKE HASKEL, PART OF THE JEWISH POLICE.



HE WAS YOUNGER FROM HAS-KEL, BUT ALSO A "KOMBINATOR".



I HAD STILL SAVINGS, SO I GOT FOR ANJA AND ME SOME CAKE.



SOME OF THE FLOUR PESACH FOUND-IT WASN'T REALLY FLOUR, ONLY LAUNDRY SOAP, WHAT HE PUT IN THE CAKE BY MISTAKE.



BEFORE THE WAR PESACH HAD A RESORT HOTEL IN ZAKOPANE...

IN THOSE DAYS ALSO HE FOUND ALWAYS SCHEMES.

ALL GUESTS HAD TO PAY BIG POLISH TAXES... SO PESACH TOOK BRIBES TO NOT REGISTER THEM. BUT IF AN INSPECTOR CAME, THE GUESTS HAD TO HIDE THEMSELVES AWAY.

ONE TIME HIS WIFE MADE NOT ENOUGH DESSERTS TO GIVE TO EVERYBODY... SO PESACH RAN INTO THE DINING ROOM AND YELLED, "INSPECTORS ARE COMING!"

IT WAS NO INSPECTOR, OF COURSE. BUT 40% OF THE GUESTS RAN FAST FROM THE ROOM. ... PESACH HAD ENOUGH DESSERTS LEFT OVER EVEN FOR THE NEXT DAY!

COME.

ARE YOU READY TO WALK AGAIN?

YES, IT'S TOO DIRTY TO SIT! ... BUT, REALLY, IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY NITROSTAT, IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST NOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

MILCH SPIEGELMAN - HE SURVIVED THE WAR WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD AND THEY MOVED TO AUSTRALIA. ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO HE GOT A BIG HEART ATTACK...

AND LAST YEAR, HE GOT ON THE STREET A SEIZURE - LIKE WHAT I HAD JUST NOW... BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE WITH HIM HIS PILLS. HIS WIFE RAN TO FIND A DRUG STORE.

WHEN SHE CAME BACK MILCH WAS DEAD!

NU? SO LIFE GOES.

BUT I MUST FINISH QUICK TO TELL YOU THE REST ABOUT SRODULA, BECAUSE WE WILL COME SOON OVER TO THE BANK.

BY THE END OF 1943 THE VANS WENT EVERY WEDNESDAY WITH MORE AND MORE AND MORE PEOPLE FROM SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ UNTIL IT WAS VERY FEW LEFT.



IT COULD BE OUR TURN SOON, EH VLADEK?

LET'S HOPE NOT, MILOCH.

HASKEL HEARD THAT ANY DAY NOW THEY INTEND TO DEPORT EVERYONE THAT'S STILL LEFT HERE.



MILOCH TOOK ME TO THE SHOE SHOP

IT WAS EARLY AND NOBODY WAS THERE...

HASKEL MADE PLANS TO SMUGGLE HIMSELF OUT OF THE GHETTO.

PESACH AND I HAVE A PLAN ALSO...



HE MOVED A FEW SHOES FROM A PILE HIGH TO THE CEILING...

...AND TOOK ME INSIDE A TUNNEL...

DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS EXCEPT ANJA AND YOUR NEPHEW.



...A TUNNEL MADE FROM SHOES!

WE CAME OUT TO A BUNKER...

BE PREPARED TO BRING THEM ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE!

INCREDIBLE!



EVERYTHING WAS READY HERE SO 15 OR 16 PEOPLE COULD HIDE.

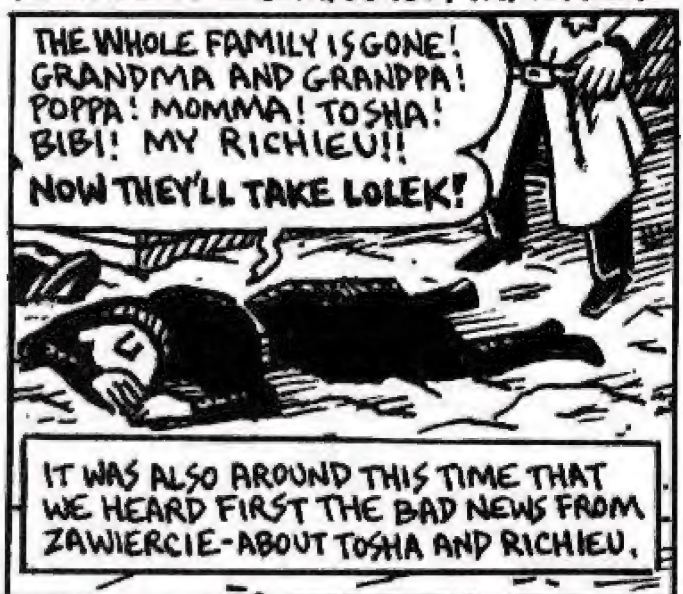
...BUT WHEN ANJA AND I APPROACHED
TO DISCUSS THIS BUNKER WITH LOLEK...



ALWAYS LOLEK WAS A LITTLE MESHUGA...



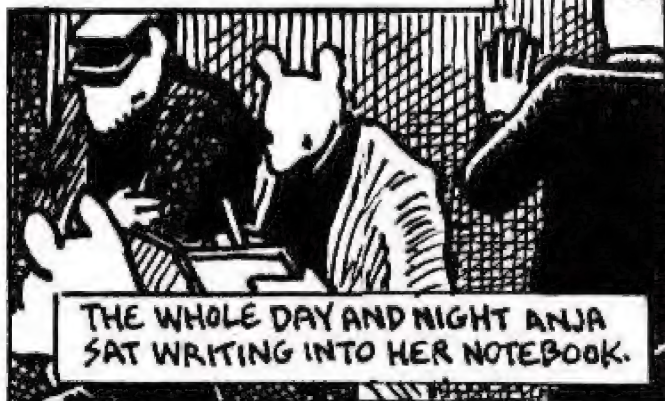
ANJA BECAME COMPLETELY HYSTERICAL.



THE GHETTO FINISHED OUT SO LIKE MILOCH SAID. ABOUT TWELVE FROM US RAN INTO HIS BUNKER WITH HIM, HIS WIFE AND HIS THREE-YEARS-OLD BABY BOY.



IT WAS NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY BUT TO LIE AND TO STARVE.



WHAT LITTLE FOOD WE HAD, SOON IT WAS GONE.



AT NIGHT WE SNEAKED OUT TO LOOK FOR WHAT TO EAT... BUT IT WAS NOTHING TO FIND.



NEVER ANY OF US HAD BEEN SO HUNGRY LIKE THEN.



AFTER A TIME
PESACH CAME
OVER TO US
FROM HIS
BUNKER...

MAYBE YOU FOOLS ARE WILLING TO LIE HERE
UNTIL YOU STARVE TO DEATH - BUT NOT ME!...

I'VE CONTACTED ONE OF THE GUARDS.
IT'LL COST A FORTUNE, BUT HE'S
AGREED TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.

OUR GROUP WILL MIX IN WITH THE
POLES WHEN THEY WALK PAST SRODULA
ON THE WAY TO WORK TOMORROW...
IF YOU WANT TO CHIP IN
YOU CAN COME WITH US.

MANY FROM OUR BUNKER SAID YES.

MILOCH AND I, WE SAID NO
TO THIS IDEA. WE DIDN'T
TRUST TO THE GERMANS.

ONE GUY FROM OUR BUN-
KER, AVRAM, CAME TO ME.

HE SAID, "TELL ME WHEN
YOU WILL GO OUT, VLADEK.
THEN I'LL KNOW IT'S SAFE."

HE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND
WANTED TO PAY ME TO ADVISE.

THEY HAD STILL 2 WATCHES
AND SOME DIAMOND RINGS.
I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE. THEY
NEEDED THESE TO LIVE.

SO I TOOK ONLY
THE SMALL WATCH.

THE NEXT MORNING, VERY
EARLY, THE GROUP WALKED OUT.

I STOOD, SECRET, BEHIND A CORNER. I HEARD LOUD
SHOOTING, AND I DIDN'T GO TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED...

THEY GAVE OVER THE MONEY
AND WENT PAST THE GUARD.

I ONLY RAN VERY FAST
BACK TO OUR BUNKER.

ONLY A FEW OF US REMAINED. A LITTLE BEFORE DAWN WE WENT OUT FROM SROPULA...

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY LIGHTS ON IN THE GUARDHOUSE FOR TWO NIGHTS... I THINK IT'S SAFE.



THEY'RE ALL GONE!

THE GHETTO IS EMPTY!

WHEW

AHEAD OF TIME WE ORGANIZED OURSELVES GOOD CLOTHES AND I.D. PAPERS.



WE MIXED WITH THE POLES GOING TO WORK.

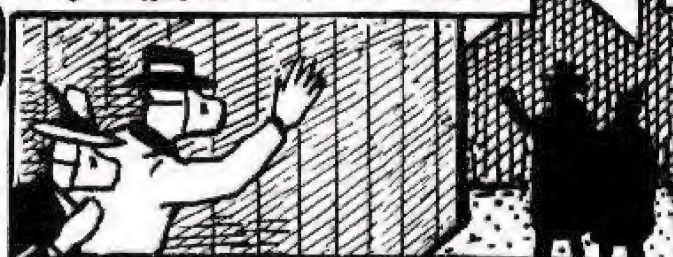
THAT GUY, AVRAM, HIS WOMAN HAD FRIENDS TO KEEP THEM.

WE'LL BE HIDING AT THIS ADDRESS. WHEN YOU FIND A SAFE PLACE, TRY TO CONTACT US, VLADEK.

GOOD LUCK, MILOCH.



WE WENT ALL IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.



AND THE FRIENDS KEPT THEM... UNTIL AVRAM'S MONEY FINISHED. THEN THEY WERE REPORTED.

ANJA AND I DIDN'T HAVE WHERE TO GO.



WE WALKED IN THE DIRECTION OF SOSNOWIEC - BUT WHERE TO GO?!

IT WAS NOWHERE WE HAD TO HIDE.

CAN I HELP YOU, MR. SPIEGELMAN?



YES, I HAVE HERE MY SON, ARTIE. I WANT TO SIGN HIM A KEY. SO HE CAN GO ALSO TO MY SAFETY BOX.





YOU SEE THIS DIAMOND?
THIS I GAVE TO ANJA WHEN
FIRST WE CAME TO THE U.S.



EVEN WHEN YOU WERE A
LITTLE BOY, ANJA WANTED
THAT THIS RING SHOULD
BE FOR YOUR WIFE.



BUT IF I GIVE IT TO YOU,
MALA WILL DRIVE ME
CRAZY. SHE WANTS EV-
ERYTHING ONLY FOR HER.



SHE WANTS THAT I GIVE NOTHING FOR
MY BROTHER IN ISRAEL, AND NOTHING
FOR YOU—THREE TIMES ALREADY SHE
MADE ME CHANGE OVER MY WILL.



YOU ONLY CAN'T KNOW! EVEN RIGHT
AFTER MY LAST HEART ATTACK, WHEN
STILL I WAS IN BED, SHE STARTED
AGAIN ABOUT CHANGING THE WILL!



I SAID, "MALA, YOU SEE HOW SICK I AM.
LET ME A LITTLE BIT HAVE SOME PEACE.
WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME?"



AND SHE SCREAMED, "I WANT THE MONEY!
THE MONEY.
THE MONEY!"



WHY, ARTIE?
WHY I EVER
REMARRIED?



OY, ANJA!
ANJA!
ANJA!

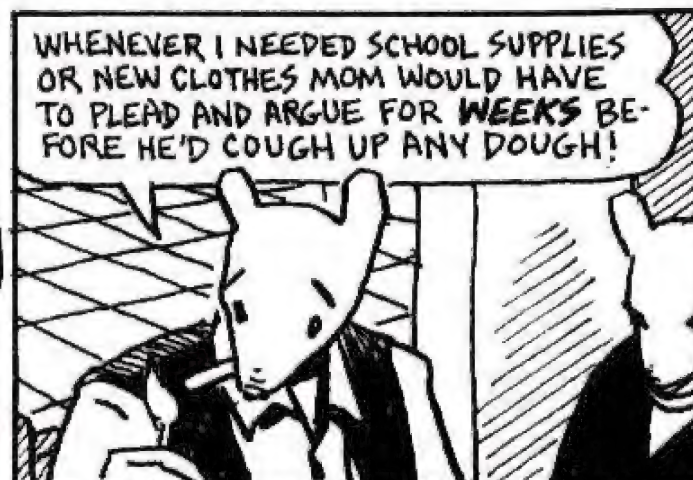


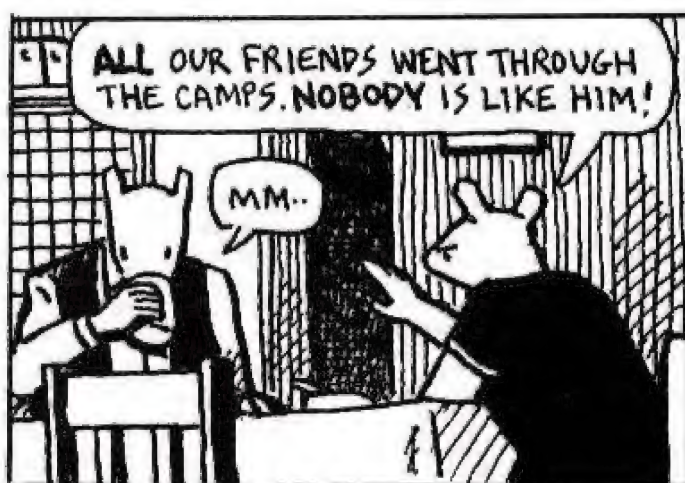
EASY, POP...
LET'S GO HOME.

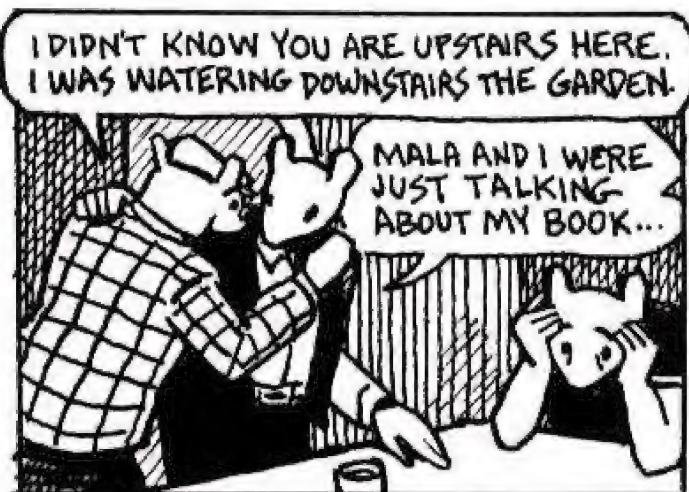
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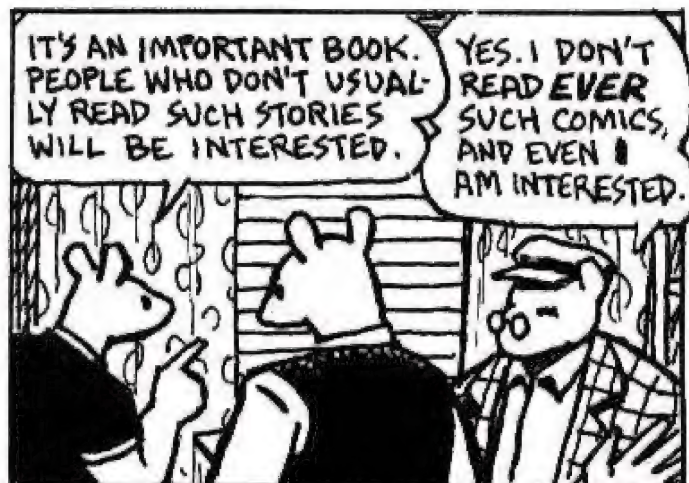


Another visit...

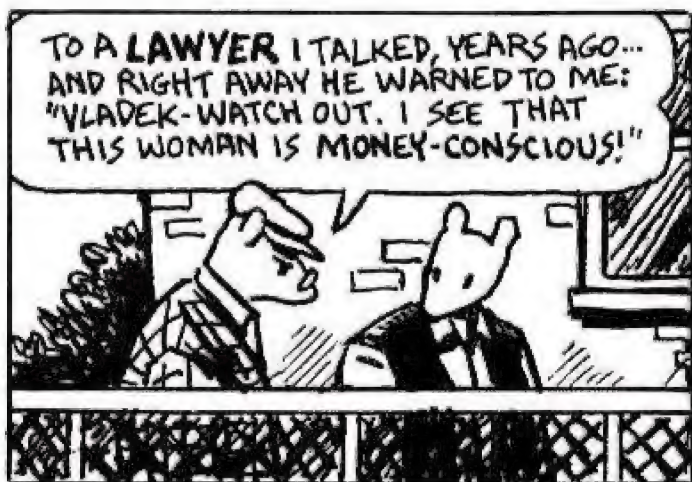
















GO THROUGH THE COURTYARD TO THE SHED IN THE BACK. I'LL BRING YOU SOME FOOD.



THANK GOD THERE ARE STILL SOME KIND PEOPLE LEFT. I THOUGHT—

A JEWESS!



THERE'S A JEWESS IN THE COURTYARD! POLICE!



HURRY!

AN OLD WITCH RECOGNIZED ANJA FROM HER WINDOW.

WE RAN FAST TO THE SHED AND HID IN THE STRAW.



IT'S OKAY FOR NOW...



I DON'T THINK ANYONE HEARD HER... SHE'S A LITTLE SENILE ANYWAY.



BUT YOU MUST LOOK FOR A BETTER PLACE TO STAY. SOMEONE HERE IS BOUND TO RECOGNIZE YOU!



IT'S ALMOST MORNING. WAIT HERE. I'M GOING OUT TO SCOUT AROUND.

B-BE CAREFUL.



I WALKED, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO GO.

AND I HEARD SOON IT WAS SOMEBODY FOLLOWING BEHIND ME.



HAD I TO ANSWER HIM, OR NO?



SO I LEFT HIM AND WENT RIGHT AWAY TO DEKERTA 6. THERE IT WAS A BIG COURTYARD...



SHE SHOWED TO ME SAUSAGES, EGGS, CHEESE... THINGS I ONLY WAS ABLE TO DREAM ABOUT.







AND SO WE CAME THERE
TO LIVE WITH KAWKA'S COW.

IT'S ALMOST DAWN - WHEN MRS. KAWKA
COMES TO MILK HER COW, SHE'LL
BRING YOU SOME COFFEE.



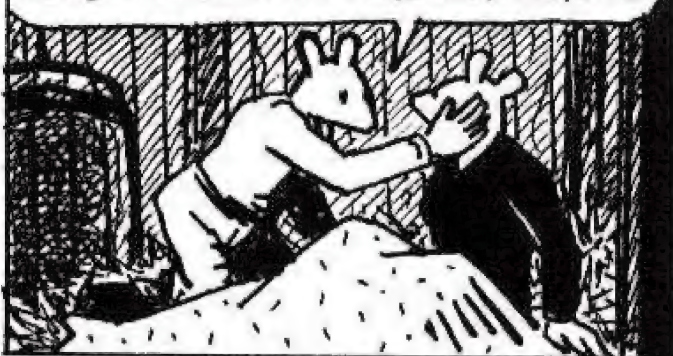
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

TO DEKERTA.

DON'T LEAVE ME
ALONE AGAIN.
I'M TERRIFIED
WHILE YOU'RE GONE.



DON'T WORRY, ANJA. I'LL BE SAFE.
IF I DIDN'T GO OUT WE WOULDN'T HAVE
FOOD... WE WOULDN'T HAVE THIS PLACE!...

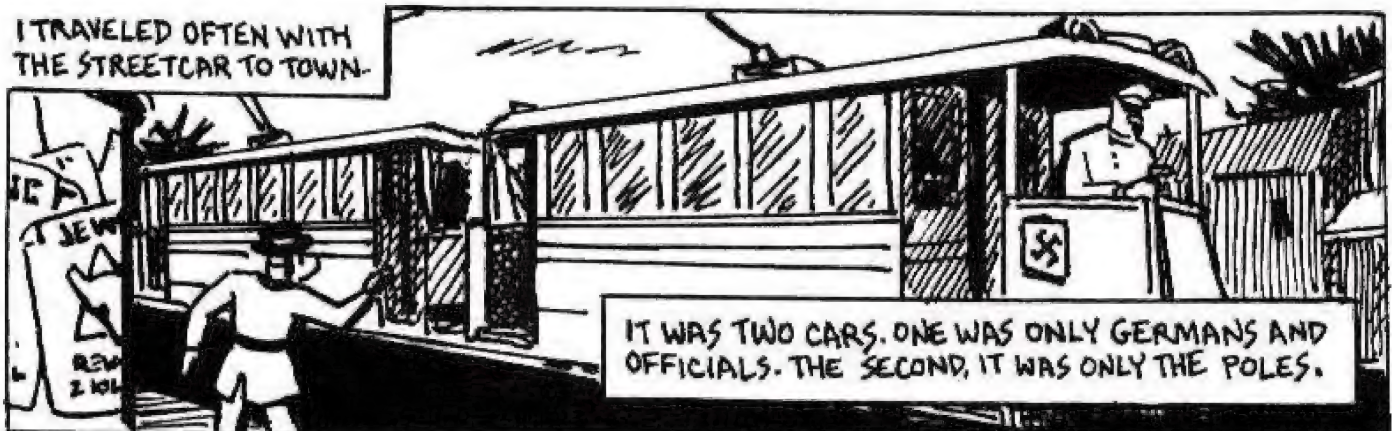


AND WE'VE GOT TO
FIND A WARMER
PLACE FOR THE
WINTER... AWAY
FROM SOSNOWIEC
IF POSSIBLE...



I-I'LL BE OKAY.
COME BACK QUICK.

I TRAVELED OFTEN WITH
THE STREETCAR TO TOWN.



IT WAS TWO CARS. ONE WAS ONLY GERMANS AND
OFFICIALS. THE SECOND, IT WAS ONLY THE POLES.

ALWAYS I WENT STRAIGHT
IN THE OFFICIAL CAR...

HEIL HITLER.



THE GERMANS PAID NO ATTENTION OF ME... IN THE PO-
LISH CAR THEY COULD SMELL IF A POLISH JEW CAME IN.

AT THE BLACK MARKET I SAW SEVERAL TIMES A NICE WOMAN, WHAT I MADE A LITTLE FRIENDS WITH HER...

GOOD MORNING, MR. SPIEGELMAN.



HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MOTONOWA! WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN YOUR BASKET TODAY?

HOW ABOUT A LOAF OF FRESH BREAD?

FINE, FINE.



OH, I'M SORRY. I DON'T HAVE ANY CHANGE.

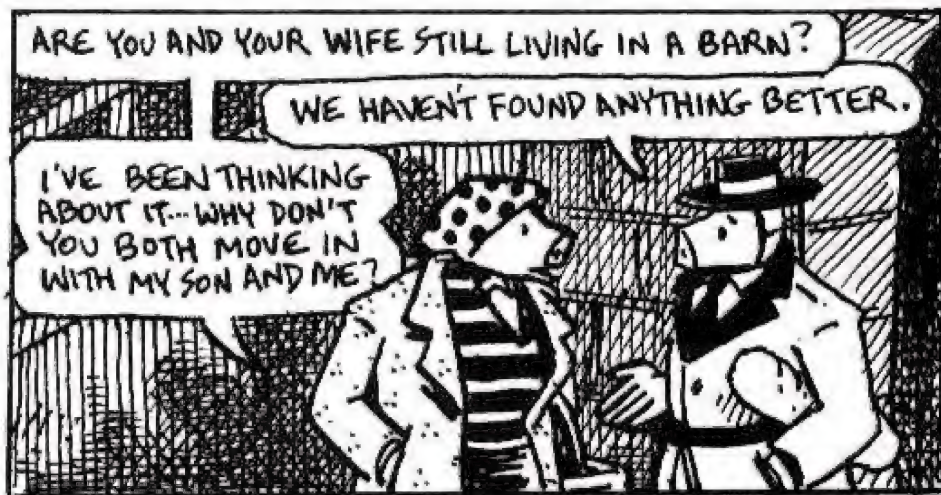
IT'S OKAY... KEEP IT FOR YOUR LITTLE BOY.



ARE YOU AND YOUR WIFE STILL LIVING IN A BARN?

WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING BETTER.

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT... WHY DON'T YOU BOTH MOVE IN WITH MY SON AND ME?



WHAT ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND?

HE WORKS IN GERMANY, AND ONLY COMES HOME FOR 10 DAYS EVERY 3 MONTHS... I'LL KEEP YOU HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR WHEN HE'S AROUND.



IT SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, BUT IT'S OVER 20 KILOMETERS TO YOUR HOUSE IN SZOPIENICE. MY WIFE WILL BE AFRAID TO GO!

DON'T WORRY. I'LL ESCORT YOU!



THE NEXT EVENING SHE CAME WITH HER 7-YEARS-OLD BOY TO KAWKA'S FARMHOUSE...



I WALKED WITH MOTONOWA AS IF SHE WAS MY WIFE.

AND ANJA, LIKE A GOVERNESS, WENT WITH THE LITTLE BOY BEHIND. AND NOBODY EVEN LOOKED ON US.

WE HAD HERE A LITTLE COMFORTABLE...WE HAD WHERE TO SIT.



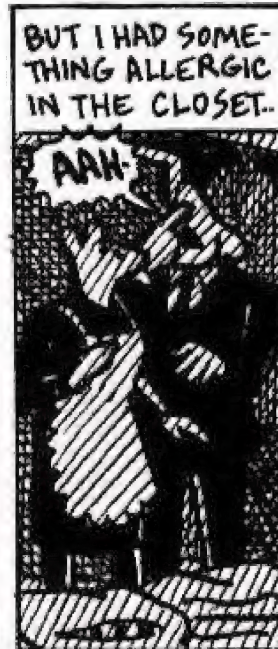
IN HIS SCHOOL THE BOY WAS VERY BAD IN GERMAN. SO ANJA TUTORED TO HIM.



AND SOON HE CAME OUT WITH VERY GOOD GRADES.



BUT IT WAS A FEW THINGS HERE NOT SO GOOD... HER HOME WAS VERY SMALL AND IT WAS ON THE GROUND FLOOR...



STILL, EVERYTHING HERE WAS FINE, UNTIL ONE SATURDAY MOTONOWA RAN VERY EARLY BACK FROM HER BLACK MARKET WORK...





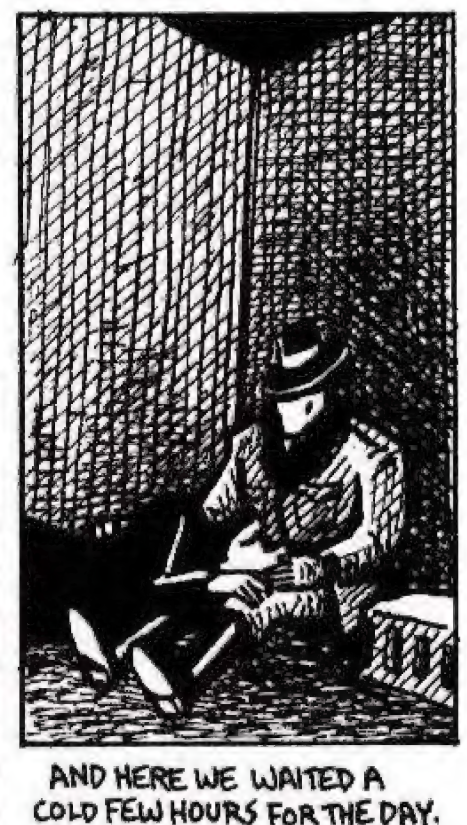
BUT IF WE TURNED A CORNER, THEY ALSO TURNED.



OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT - THEY DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING ON US.



HERE WAS A FOUNDATION MADE VERY DEEP DOWN IN THE GROUND.



IT STARTED TO BE LIGHT...



LATER, KAWKA CAME IN...



SHE TOOK ANJA INSIDE AND BROUGHT TO ME SOME FOOD... IN THOSE DAYS I WAS SO STRONG I COULD SIT EVEN IN THE SNOW ALL NIGHT...



SHE TOLD ME THESE TWO ACQUAINTANCES VISITED OFTEN TO HER ON THURS- DAY EVENINGS... TODAY WAS MAYBE A MONDAY...

I DON'T GET IT... WASN'T HUNGARY AS DANGEROUS AS POLAND?

NO. FOR A LONGER TIME IT WAS BETTER THERE IN HUNGARY FOR THE JEWS... BUT THEN, NEAR THE VERY FINISH OF THE WAR, THEY ALL GOT PUT ALSO TO AUSCHWITZ.

I WAS THERE, AND I SAW IT. THOUSANDS - HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF JEWS FROM HUNGARY...

SO MANY, IT WASN'T EVEN ROOM ENOUGH TO BURY THEM ALL IN THE OVENS.

BUT AT THAT TIME, WHEN I WAS THERE WITH KAWKA, WE COULDN'T KNOW THEN.

SO... I WENT NEXT DAY TO DEKERTA STREET TO BUY FOOD...

OH GOD! OH GOD! MR. SPIEGELMAN. YOU'RE ALIVE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MRS. MOTO- NOWA!

I WANTED TO FIND A NEW CONNECTION TO HIDE US. BUT REALLY I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND AGAIN HER.

PRAISE MARY. YOU'RE SAFE! I COULDN'T SLEEP, I FELT SO GUILTY ABOUT CHASING YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT.

THE GESTAPO NEVER EVEN CAME TO MY HOUSE. I JUST PANICKED FOR NOTHING. PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN.

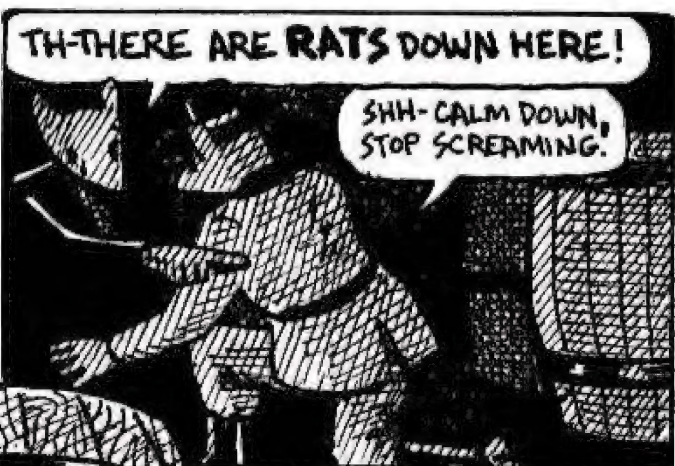
ANJA WAS GLAD OF GOING BACK. AND MOTONOWA ALSO... ALWAYS I PAID HER NICELY.

AND THAT SAME NIGHT WE SAID GOODBYE TO KAWKA AND WENT AGAIN TO SZOPIENICE.

AFTER WE WERE BACK ONLY A SHORT TIME...



AT NIGHT WE COULD MOVE AROUND A LITTLE, BUT IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE DOWN THERE...



THOSE AREN'T RATS. THEY'RE VERY SMALL. ONE RAN OVER MY HAND BEFORE. THEY'RE JUST MICE!



BUT, THEN, MOTONOWA STOPPED TO COME DOWN.

IT'S BEEN 3 DAYS SINCE SHE BROUGHT ANY FOOD.

HERE... HAVE ANOTHER CANDY...

I HAD STILL CANDIES I ORGANIZED ON DEKERTA. ONLY THIS WE HAD TO EAT.

ALSO, HERE WE HAD NO PLACE WHERE TO WASH, SO ANJA GOT ON ALL HER SKIN A TERRIBLE RASH.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE- THE HUNGER OR THE ITCHING.

DON'T SCRATCH! IT ONLY- SHH!

CLIK
THE DOOR.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T GET DOWN BEFORE...MY HUSBAND IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS.

HE ASKED WHY I GO TO THE CELLAR SO OFTEN. HE EVEN ASKED IF I WAS HIDING JEWS HERE! ...HE WAS JOKING, BUT STILL...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT HERE?

THERE ARE RATS, GIANT RATS! THEY'RE HORRIBLE!

WELL- YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH THE RATS THAN WITH THE GESTAPO... AT LEAST THE RATS WON'T KILL YOU!

MMM...

AND SHE WAS RIGHT. WE WERE HAPPY EVEN TO HAVE THESE CONDITIONS.

AFTER THE TEN DAYS HER HUSBAND LEFT, AND SHE TOOK US BACK.

IT'S GOOD TO BE "HOME," EH, VLADEK?

IT'S A LOT NICER THAN THAT CELLAR.

BUT I DIDN'T FEEL SAFE HERE. IT WAS TOO MANY WAYS SOMEBODY COULD FIND US OUT. I WANTED TO GO BETTER TO HUNGARY.

SO, WHEN IT CAME THURSDAY, I WENT IN THE DIRECTION TO TAKE A STREETCAR TO SEE KAWKA IN SOSNOWIEC.



THEY RAN SCREAMING HOME.



THE MOTHERS ALWAYS TOLD SO: "BE CAREFUL! A JEW WILL CATCH YOU TO A BAG AND EAT YOU!" "SO THEY TAUGHT TO THEIR CHILDREN.



I APPROACHED OVER TO THEM...



SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...



WHEN I ARRIVED TO KAWKA, THE TWO SMUGGLERS WERE THERE TOGETHER SITTING IN THE KITCHEN...



PLEASE WAIT IN THE OTHER ROOM. THEY'LL SEE YOU SOON.

MR. MANDELBAUM!



VLADEK SPIEGELMAN!

MANDELBAUM, BEFORE THE WAR OWNED A SWEETS SHOP.

ANJA AND I BOUGHT ALWAYS PASTRIES THERE. HE USED TO BE A VERY RICH MAN IN SOSNOWIEC.

BACK WHEN IT WAS THE GHETTO, ABRAHAM WAS A BIG MEMBER OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL.



THIS IS MY WIFE...AND YOU KNOW MY NEPHEW.

HELLO, ABRAHAM. WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING HERE?



WE'RE TRYING TO GET OUT OF POLAND -

- TO HUNGARY?! YES. ANJA AND I ARE TRYING TO ARRANGE THAT TOO!

THE SMUGGLERS PROPOSED US HOW THEY WOULD DO.

WE SPOKE YIDDISH SO THE POLES DON'T UNDERSTAND.



...AND AT THE BORDER OUR PARTNERS WILL TAKE YOU THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

WHEW- IT'S RISKY AND VERY EXPENSIVE!



NIE, VAS DENKST DIE?

YECH KENN DIE FRAU KAWKA, UBER YECH BIN NISH ZICHER VEGEN DIE ZWEI.

So, what do you think?

I know Mrs. Kawka, but I'm not sure about these two.



HERR MECH TSE! YECH GEI KOIDEM MIT ZEI. AZ ALLES VET ZEIN BESEDER, YECH VIL SCHREIBEN TSE DEYER.

Listen! I'll go first. If everything is okay, I'll write back to you.



THE OTHERS WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT A LITTLE LONGER, BUT I'M READY TO GO NOW.

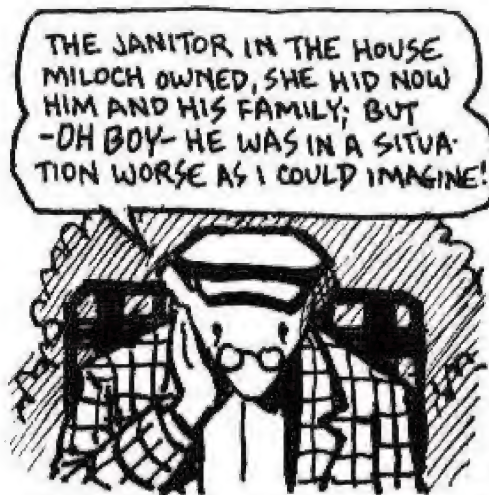
FINE, FINE.

I AGREED WITH MANDELBAUM TO MEET AGAIN HERE. IF IT CAME A GOOD LETTER, WE'LL GO.

BUT IF EVER I TALKED OF THIS PLAN TO ANJA...



MILCH HELPED ME IN SRODULA. MAYBE
NOW, IF HE NEEDED, I COULD HELP HIM.





THE CONDITIONS HOW MILOCH WAS LIVING-YOU COULDN'T BELIEVE.



INSIDE THIS GARBAGE HOLE WAS HERE SEPARATED
A TINY SPACE - MAYBE ONLY 5 FEET BY 6 FEET.



A FEW DAYS AFTER, I CAME AGAIN TO THE SMUGGLERS. AND MANDELBAUM WAS ALSO THERE.



IT WAS IN YIDDISH AND IT WAS SIGNED REALLY BY ABRAHAM. SO WE AGREED RIGHT AWAY TO GO AHEAD.

BUT ANJA JUST DIDN'T WANT WE WOULD GO...



SO, I WENT ONE MORE TIME OVER TO MILOCH IN HIS GARBAGE BUNKER AND DIRECTED HIM HOW HE MUST GO TO SZOPIENICE AND HIDE...



BUT FOR ANJA AND I, IT WAS FOR US WAITING ANOTHER DESTINY...





I HAD A SMALL BAG TO TRAVEL. WHEN THEY REGISTERED ME IN, THEY LOOKED OVER EVERYTHING.

WHAT'S THIS? SHOE POLISH??

YES. I LIKE TO KEEP MYSELF NEAT.



WITH A SPOON HE TOOK OUT, LITTLE BY LITTLE, ALL THE POLISH.

WELL, WELL... A GOLD WATCH. YOU JEWS ALWAYS HAVE GOLD!



WRAPPED IN FOIL, I KEPT IT HIDDEN THERE... IT WAS MY LAST TREASURE.

IT WAS THIS WATCH I GOT FROM FATHER-IN-LAW WHEN FIRST I MARRIED TO ANJA.



WELL, NEVER MIND... THEY TOOK IT AND THREW ME WITH MANDELBAUM INTO A CELL...



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ABRAHAM?

WHO?

AH, MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW! YES. HE FINISHED THE SAME AS US TO CONCENTRATION CAMP.

-BUT

YES. I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT WAS WITH HIM - BUT NOW I'M TELLING HERE IN THE PRISON...



HERE WE GOT VERY LITTLE TO EAT - MAYBE SOUP ONE TIME A DAY - AND WE SAT WITH NOTHING TO DO.

WHY DON'T THEY PUT US TO WORK LIKE THE REST OF YOU?

IT MEANS YOU WON'T BE HERE VERY LONG...



...EVERY WEEK OR SO A TRUCK TAKES SOME OF THE PRISONERS AWAY.

EXCUSE ME... DO ANY OF YOU KNOW GERMAN?



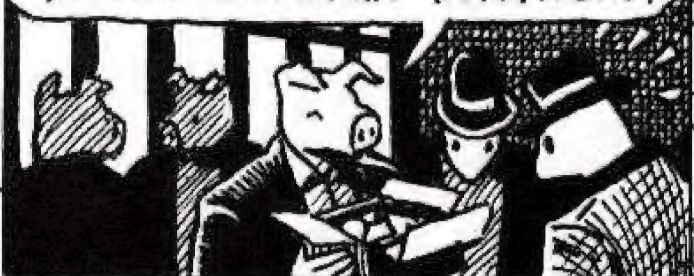
MY FAMILY JUST SENT ME A FOOD PARCEL. IF I WRITE BACK THEY'LL SEND ANOTHER, BUT WE'RE ONLY ALLOWED TO WRITE GERMAN.



I KNEW WELL TO WRITE GERMAN... SO I WROTE...

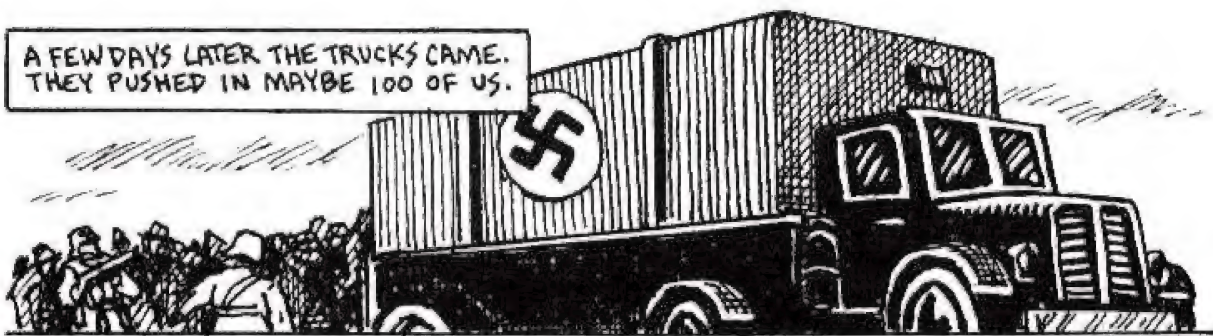
IN A SHORT TIME HE GOT AGAIN A PACKAGE...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB! TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND!



IT WAS EGGS THERE... IT WAS EVEN CHOCOLATES. ...I WAS VERY LUCKY TO GET SUCH GOODIES!

A FEW DAYS LATER THE TRUCKS CAME.
THEY PUSHED IN MAYBE 100 OF US.



ONE MORE TIME I WAS TOGETHER WITH ANJA.

HERE, DARLING. I HAVE
A PRESENT FOR YOU...

EGGS?! CAKE ???
WHAT? HOW?...



I HAD STILL THINGS I GOT
BY WRITING THIS LETTER.

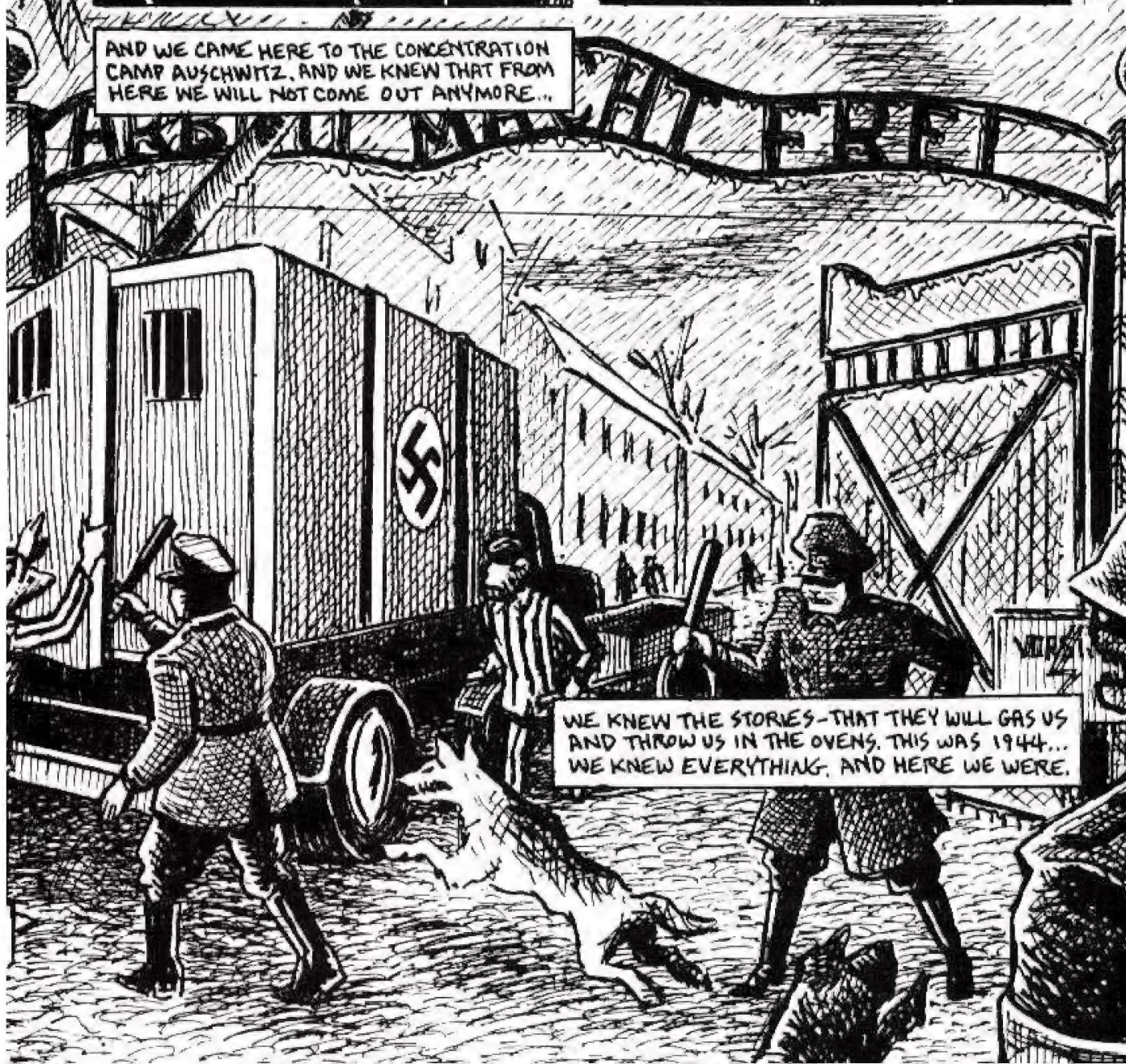
NO... YOU KEEP IT... I'M NOT HUNGRY.

HERE...
AT LEAST
TAKE HALF
FOR LATER.



WE CAME TO THE TOWN OF OSWIECIM...
BEFORE THE WAR I SOLD TEXTILES HERE.

AND WE CAME HERE TO THE CONCENTRATION
CAMP AUSCHWITZ. AND WE KNEW THAT FROM
HERE WE WILL NOT COME OUT ANYMORE...



WE KNEW THE STORIES - THAT THEY WILL GAS US
AND THROW US IN THE OVENS. THIS WAS 1944...
WE KNEW EVERYTHING. AND HERE WE WERE.

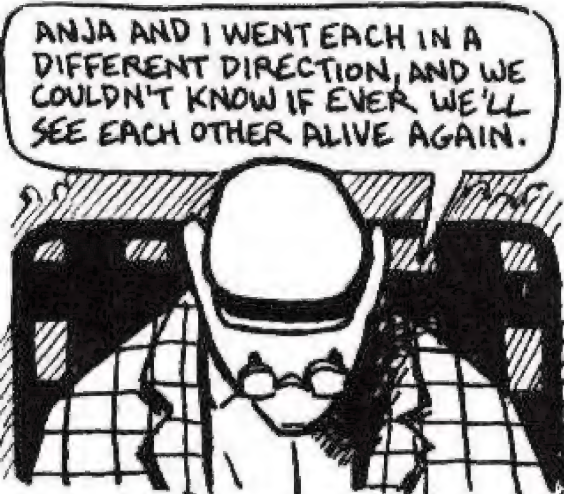


MY GOD.

YES. SO IT WAS...



...AND WHEN THEY OPENED THE TRUCK, THEY PUSHED MEN ONE WAY, WOMEN TO THE OTHER WAY...



ANJA AND I WENT EACH IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, AND WE COULDN'T KNOW IF EVER WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER ALIVE AGAIN.



THIS IS WHERE MOM'S DIARIES WILL BE ESPECIALLY USEFUL. THEY'LL GIVE ME SOME IDEA OF WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH WHILE YOU WERE APART.

I CAN TELL YOU ... SHE WENT THROUGH THE SAME WHAT ME: TERRIBLE!



IT'S GETTING COLD. WHY DON'T WE GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND HER NOTEBOOKS...

NO... I LOOKED ALREADY...

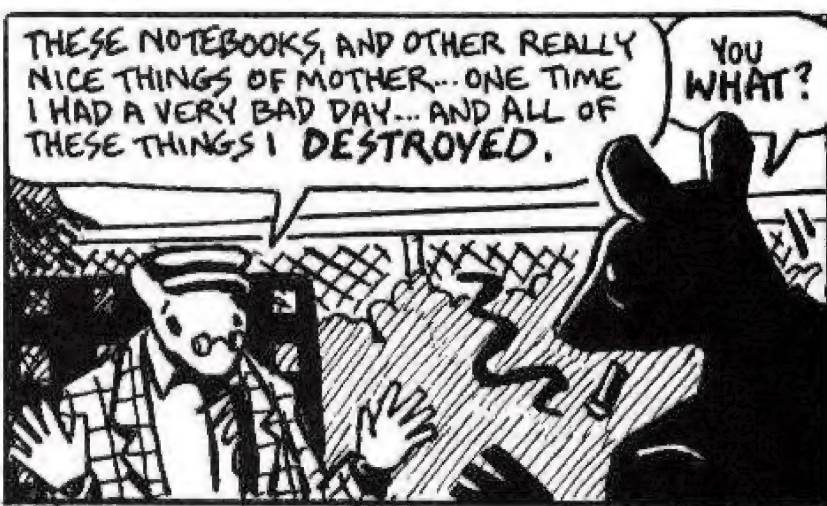


...IT'S JUST NOT TO FIND ANYMORE!

WELL... LET'S CHECK OUT THE GARAGE. YOU'VE GOT LOADS OF STUFF IN THERE.

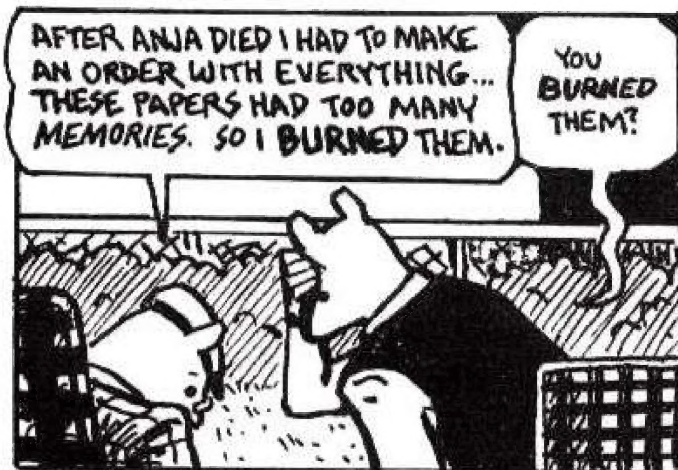


NO. YOU'LL NOT FIND IT. BECAUSE I REMIND TO MYSELF WHAT HAPPENED...



THESE NOTEBOOKS, AND OTHER REALLY NICE THINGS OF MOTHER... ONE TIME I HAD A VERY BAD DAY... AND ALL OF THESE THINGS I DESTROYED.

YOU WHAT?





"Spiegelman portrays the Nazis as cats, the Jews as mice, the Poles as pigs and the Americans as dogs. They are all terrifyingly human. This is comic strip art which has nothing to do with Tom and Jerry. Anyone moved by Briggs's *When the Wind Blows* ... will appreciate Spiegelman's genius for dealing with a subject many would say cannot be dealt with at all"

– *The Times*

"You need be neither a Jew nor a death-camp ghoul to be moved. Anyone who has ever tried to understand the mystery of their parents, and how the 20th century has treated them, will find in *Maus* a key that turns the lock"

– Ian Jack in the *Observer*

"This intensely personal account of a family's survival, of hair-breadth escapes and incarceration, deals artfully with experiences and emotions that many might fervently wish to forget. Of how, when life is stripped to subsistence level, trust and betrayal take on unprecedented dimensions... In the tradition of Aesop and Orwell, it serves to shock and impart powerful resonance to what, after all, is a well documented subject. And the artwork is so accomplished, forceful and moving, without resorting to sentimentality, that it works" – *Time Out*

"*Maus* memorialises Spiegelman's father's experience of the Holocaust – it follows his story, frame by frame, from youth and marriage in pre-war Poland to imprisonment in Auschwitz ... The 'survivor's tale' that results is stark and unembellished ... One of the clichés about the Holocaust is that you can't imagine it – like nuclear war, its horror outfaces the artistic imagination. Spiegelman disproves that theory"

– *Independent*



"The best cartoon book I have ever read. There is not a wasted word or a wasted line in it. Very direct, very powerful, very moving" – Steve Bell

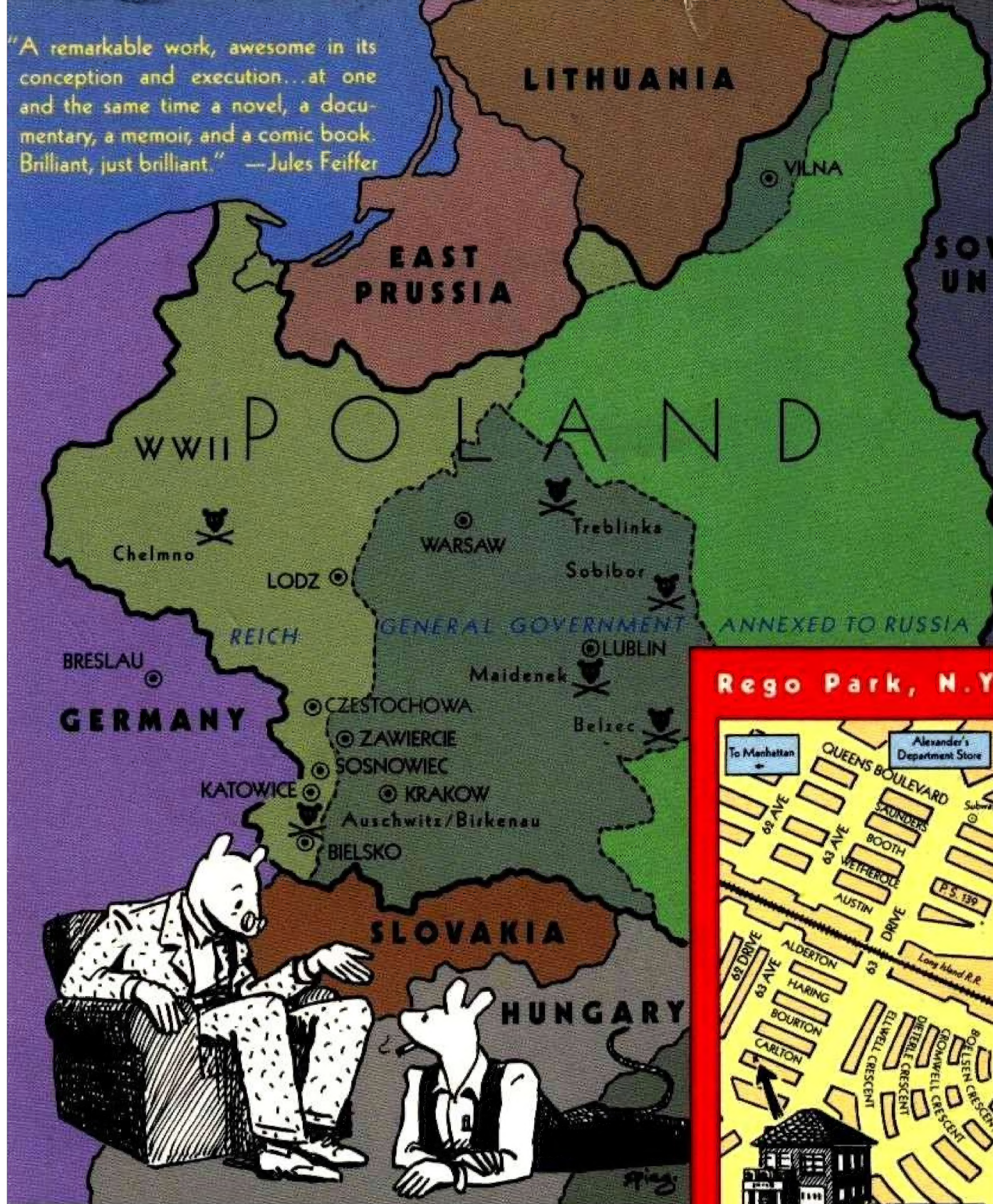
"A very moving book about a subject so terrible it is almost impossible to comprehend. *Maus* proves that the strip cartoon is a medium just as good as the novel or film. A great achievement" – Raymond Briggs



Art Spiegelman, born in Stockholm in 1948, is co-editor of *Raw*, the internationally acclaimed magazine of avant-garde comics and graphics. His work has been published in the *New York Times*, *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, and many other periodicals in the U.S. and abroad. He has received Europe's highly respected Yellow Kid Award for his work on *Maus*, and also *Playboy's* 1982 Editorial Award. A teacher at New York's School of Visual Arts, he lives in New York, where he is currently at work on *Maus*, Part II: "From Mauschwitz to the Catskills."

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